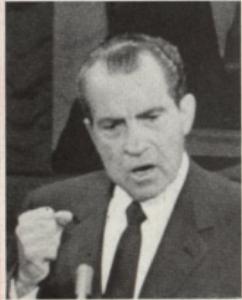


FIFTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 21, 1969

TIME

COUNTERATTACK ON DISSENT



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Poppy is just doing her thing. She's the 25-year-old mathematical whiz who helped develop computer programs to bring our astronauts back from the moon right on target. Her work at Houston's space center is just one example of TRW's growing involvement in information systems and computer-related software services.

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In the expanding computer services market, TRW is one of the top producers with more than \$75 million in annual software sales. We expect our share to keep going up.

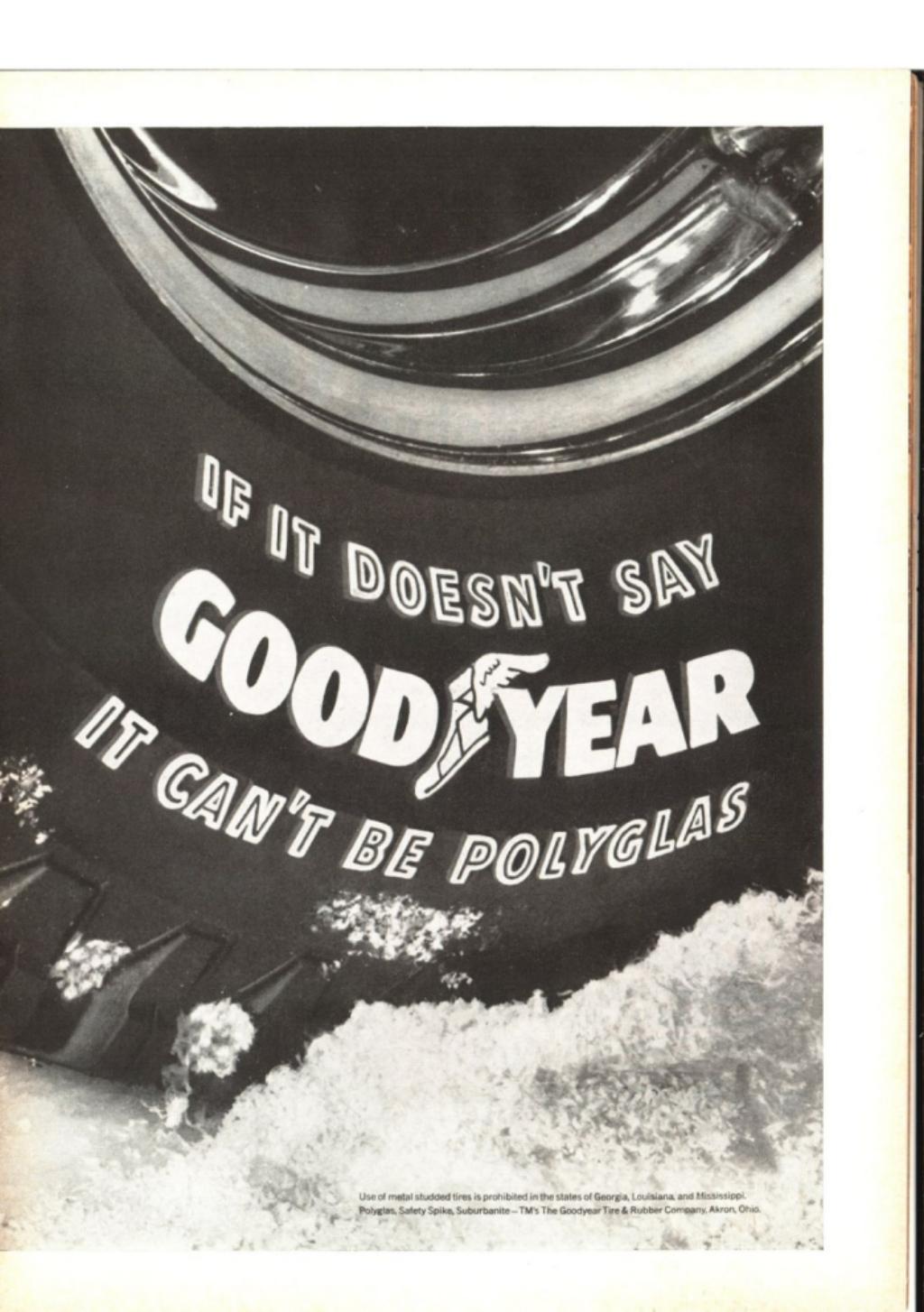
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 19

KRAFT MUSIC HALL PRESENTS THE SOUND OF BURT BACHARACH (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).⁶ The show also includes a bit of beautiful noise from Lena Horne and Tony Bennett and some spectacular ballet by Edward Villella.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Good guy (Lee Marvin), on film-dom's most unforgettable horse, saves girl (Jane Fonda) from bad guy (Lee Marvin) in *Cat Ballou* (1965), one of the best western spoofs ever to canter across the screen.

Thursday, November 20

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8:30-10 p.m.). "A Celebration for William Jennings Bryan" is a portrait of one of America's political folklore heroes.

THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Vivien Leigh, Lotte Lenya, Warren Beatty and Jill St. John in the film version of Tennessee Williams' *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* (1961).

Friday, November 21

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 8:30-10 p.m.). Director George Schaefer returns to television after a year's absence to preside over "The File on Dzvlin," which stars Dame Judith Anderson, Elizabeth Ashley and David McCallum.

PRUDENTIAL'S ON STAGE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). In "Mirror, Mirror, Off the Wall," a writer's racy pen-name personality begins to dominate his life. So his wife also develops an alter ego. Starring George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton.

Saturday, November 22

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 4:30-6 p.m.). Nino Benvenuti and Luis Rodriguez in a 15-round fight for the World Middleweight championship; live via satellite from Rome.

N.C.A.A. FOOTBALL (ABC, 6-9 p.m.). U.S.C. v. U.C.L.A. from Los Angeles.

Sunday, November 23

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Guests include Ella Fitzgerald, Caterina Valente, Ed Ames, Eddie Albert and Richard Pryor.

THE ADVOCATES (NET, 10-11 p.m.) discuss whether involuntary commitment on the grounds of mental illness should be abolished.

Monday, November 24

NIGHTTIME IN MISTEROGERS' NEIGHBORHOOD (NET, 7-8 p.m.). Nighttime becomes easier for children to understand when Misterogers and his neighborhood friends explore the mysteries of the nocturnal world.

GUNSMOKE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Eileen Heckart plays a frontier schoolteacher held prisoner by a bunch of hillbilly cutthroats.

CHRYSLER PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Special guests include Danny Thomas, Steve Lawrence, Eydie Gorme and Virna Lisi.

THE PEAPICKER IN PICCADILLY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Tennessee Ernie Ford takes his country sound to England and surrounds

⁶ All times E.S.T.

TIME, NOVEMBER 21, 1969

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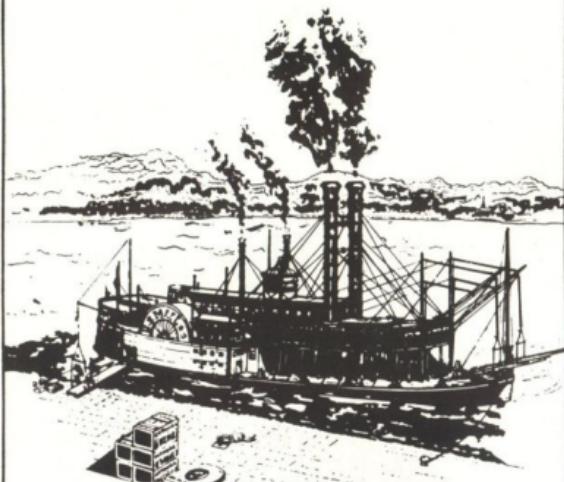
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it with an all-British guest list including Davy Jones, Terry-Thomas, Norman Wisdom and Harry Secombe.

Tuesday, November 25

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). Britain's Royal Ballet presents *Coppelia*, featuring Merle Park, Stanley Holden and Christopher Gable.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK (ABC, 8:30-10 p.m.). Michael Callan, Ann Prentiss, Paul Ford, Eve Arden and Elsa Lanchester star in *In Name Only*, a comedy about a marriage business that gets into trouble when it turns out that several of the matches it has arranged aren't legal.

THE GOVERNOR AND J.J. (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Kansas Governor Robert Docking drops by for lunch with Governor Drinkwater (Dan Dailey).

THEATER

On Broadway

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE. William Saroyan's play was first performed 30 years ago and is now revived with care, affection and excellence by the Lincoln Center Repertory Company. To the audience of today the colorful characters in Nick's Saloon seem like a commune of dropouts, and Saroyan may qualify as the first articulate hippie.

JIMMY is a \$900,000 anachronism, a Hollywood notion (courtesy of Jack L. Warner) of what a Broadway musical is like, drearily familiar from countless Hollywood films of Broadway musicals. It takes consummate ineptitude to make Jimmy Walker dull and his mistress, Betty Compton, even duller.

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE. No one expects a new comic writer to be another Neil Simon or Jean Kerr. But one does expect him to be funny and to be himself. Leonard Gershe is only sporadically funny and never uniquely himself. Eileen Heckart, playing the mother of a blind young man who seeks independence by moving into his own apartment, can groan and purr like a baritone sax—and delivers her lines almost as if Gershe had delivered the goods.

INDIANS. Playwright Arthur Kopit has joined the *mea culpa* crew with this play, which argues that Americans were once beastly to the redskins—hardly a startling bit of information. The format is that of a Buffalo Bill Wild West show alternating with somber accounts of the humiliation and decimation of the Indians, but the segments never seem to gain any harmony of mood or purpose.

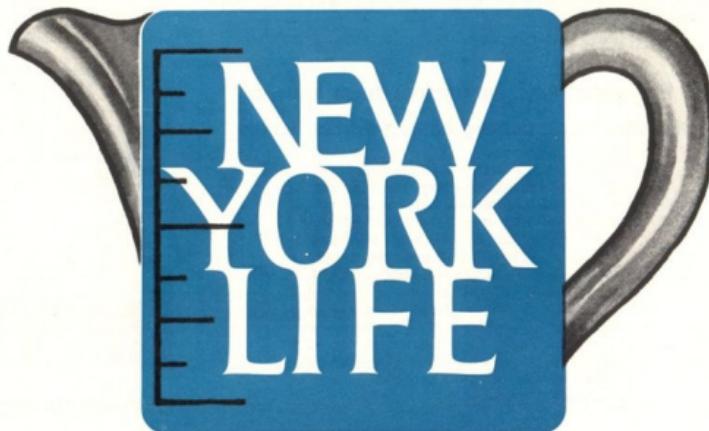
THREE MEN ON A HORSE. George Abbott directs a revival of the 1935 comedy about a composer of greeting-card verses (Jack Gilford) who wiles away his commuting hours by hunch-picking horses with uncanny clairvoyance. The cast is superb, and the entire production is polished to a high gloss.

THE FRONT PAGE. Robert Ryan plays Walter Burns, the tough managing editor of the Chicago *Examiner*, and Bert Convy plays Hildy Johnson, his top reporter, in this revival of the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur saga of newspapering in the 1920s. The play has a cornball period flavor that adds to the enjoyment.

Off Broadway

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES. by Canadian Playwright John Herbert, was, when originally presented in 1967, a scorching indictment of the prison system, with its

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A subsidiary of **Potlatch**, the forests where innovations grow

brutal guards and tyrannizing homosexual inmates. As restaged by Sal Mineo, complete with the added attractions of blood, gore, a nude rape scene and an almost totally inept cast, it is nothing more than a carefully placed kick in the groin.

ADAPTATION—NEXT. Elaine May's *Adaptation* and Terrence McNally's *Next* are a happy combination of funny and clever one-act plays. Both plays are directed by Miss May with her usual wit and comic perception.

CINEMA

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS. Despite the talent and voice of Petula Clark, this adaptation of James Hilton's classic falls flat as a musical. But Peter O'Toole, as the beloved Mr. Chipping, gives one of the most subtle performances of his career.

THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA. Anthony Quinn is the roistering, boozy Bombolini, and Anna Magnani as his unrelentingly strong-willed wife, Rosa, make a powerful combination.

ALICE'S RESTAURANT. Starting with Arlo Guthrie's hit song of a couple of years ago, Director Arthur Penn develops an amusing yet tragic view of youth and a way of life.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. With *tour de force* performances by Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman, an improbable love story movingly comes to life.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN. Though he bogs down in endless bungles, Co-author, Director and Star Woody Allen manages to come through with a funny crime flick.

EASY RIDER is a major movie that follows two youths on their search for where it's at. Letting townspeople "rap" at will and drawing a top performance

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How to live to be 175.

The almost unbelievable story of Jim Beam Bourbon. And the fascinating secrets of a family art that have been handed down from Beam to Beam since 1795.

by
Ronald L. Phillips

A modest man is T. Jeremiah Beam. But he can't help but let out a smile of quiet satisfaction when he tells this one.

"Bernie Hurst, my wife's sister's boy, is our head chemist. Got all kinds of fancy machines and measures. Well, Bernie, he took a sample of Jim Beam we bottled last week and ran an analysis on it."

"Then I gave him a drop—a very little drop—of the oldest Beam Bourbon we have. Some of my dad, Col. Jim Beam, put up in 1911."

"Well, Bernie, he darn near died. Why that 1911 Beam came out exactly as light and mellow as today's Jim Beam!"

"And, you know, if we had any of the Bourbon that old Jacob Beam made way back in 1795, I swear it'd come out the same way, too."

Since 1795 a member of the Beam family has always made Beam Bourbon.

The senior member of the Beam family today is T. Jeremiah Beam, an alert, courteous gentleman who just celebrated his 70th birthday.

The responsibility for making Jim Beam is in the hands of Col. Jim Beam's nephew, Carl Beam.

175 YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES

Clermont, Kentucky, is just outside of Shepherdsville. Little more than a road sign inviting you to slow down for a mile or so. A few homes and buildings checkerboarded on the rolling Kentucky countryside.

There's something almost magic about Clermont, though. The water is pure, limestone-spring water. The soil is naturally sweet and rich. The weather is gentle and consistent from year to year. It's the kind of place that's as rare for making Bourbons as the grape country of France is for making wine.

The people in Clermont are special, too. They're human beings with a peculiar kind of sticktoitiveness.

When they find something good they hold fast to it. Forever if need be.

This is the country that Jacob Beam

brought his family to in 1788. He started out farming. And discovered a way to make such a marvelously light and flavorful Bourbon his neighbors talked him into selling it.

His family still makes it the exact same way 175 years later.

JACOB'S FIRST SECRET: START WITH A GOOD BEER

Jacob loved beer. But beer was rare in Kentucky during these post-revolutionary days. Most of the adults drank corn whiskey instead.

Jacob was intrigued by this whiskey. But he found it harsh and a little too raw. It varied a lot from one batch to the other, too.

One day, Jacob got an idea. The whiskey the folks were making was really a crude beer taken a few steps further. So, he concluded if he started with a light, mellow beer, he ought to end up with a new kind of smooth whiskey.

Jacob's farm land abounded with rich grain. He had a deep well full of fresh limestone water. So he started experimenting with home-grown ingredients.

He tried a number of different recipes of corn, rye and barley malt until he found the perfect marriage. He developed a unique strain of yeast. And then he put them together and let them ferment in great, open cypress wood vats.

After three days he distilled this sweet-smelling mash, not once but twice. Then he set it aside to mellow for a time.

A SURPRISE FROM NATURE MAKES BEAM WHISKEY BEAM BOURBON

Once Jacob and his descendants began making whiskey in earnest, they needed something to age it in. Something big, yet strong enough to take the jostling wagons gave it going over the rutted Kentucky country roads.

They decided to use the most practical container of their day, a barrel. And they made it out of the sweet white oak trees that grew in majestic forests all about them.

The Beams soon learned that a bad barrel could spoil the best made whiskey. So they always used new white oak barrels. And they settled on a size that "one big man could

handle by himself."

The Beam barrels do more than age Bourbon. They deliver a kind of wondrous natural flavor magic.

When a barrel is charred before it's filled, a layer of charcoal forms on the inside of the staves. This "filter" the whiskey over and over again. It gives Jim Beam its uniquely light, yet rich taste. And it gives Jim Beam a delicious natural golden amber color.

THE REAL SECRET OF JIM BEAM

Carl Beam lives right on the Clermont distillery grounds. He's on call 24 hours a day and rarely leaves the neighborhood. So particular is Carl about the handling of his yeast, his son, Baker, worked at his side for 10 straight years before Carl trusted him alone with the yeast.

Carl's other boy, David, also practices the Beam family art of making Bourbon. As does T. Jerry's nephew, Booker.

As people get to know Jim Beam, they pretty much agree there's a secret to it.

Some say it's Jacob Beam's perfect formula of natural grains. Some say it's the glorious limestone stream water. Others insist it's the rare yeast.

The Beams say it could be all of those things. But down deep they believe the real secret is their unyielding refusal to change things.

Jim Beam Bourbon is made by the same family, by the same formula, with the same quality as it was in 1795. But then Jim Beam isn't just another Bourbon. It's truly a family art. As the Beams say: "The world's finest Bourbon since 1795."

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The magic of aging.

from Newcomer Jack Nicholson, Director-Actor Dennis Hopper has created a classic.

MEDIUM COOL. Using contemporary politics for a backdrop, and making the most of a cast of unknowns, Writer-Director Haskell Wexler explodes with a film that is dynamite.

THE BED SITTING ROOM. This unremittingly surrealistic attack on war makes Director Richard Lester's first film against the military (*How I Won the War*) look like child's play.

DOWNHILL RACER. Skiing has never before been filmed with quite the electricity that illuminates this otherwise routine tale of an amateur athlete (Robert Redford) on the make.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE UNEXPECTED UNIVERSE, by Loren Eiseley. A paean to the possibilities of man in an age of the machine by the anthropologist, humanist and author of *The Immense Journey* and *The Mind as Nature*.

FAKE!, by Clifford Irving. An exuberant account of the activities of one of the most successful and flamboyant art-forging rings in modern history.

COUNTING MY STEPS, by Jakov Lind. The author of *Soul of Wood* recalls his schizophrenic years in Nazi and postwar Europe, when his survival depended on how convincingly he could change his nationality, language and religion.

PRICKSONGS & DESCANTS, by Robert Coover. In a collection of clever, surreal, and

sometimes repellent short stories, the author of *The Universal Baseball Association, Inc., J. Henry Waugh, Prop.* plays a literary shell game with his readers.

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN, by John Fowles. A fascinating novel that uses the tricks and turns of Victorian fiction to pound home the thesis that freedom is the natural condition of man.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER, by Stephen Becker. An excellent period morality tale about a Union Army officer who attempts to save the life of a teen-age Rebel who shot and wounded him during a Civil War skirmish.

PRESENT AT THE CREATION, by Dean Acheson. In these well-written memoirs, Harry Truman's Secretary of State recalls the formative years of the cold war with much wit, knowledge and insight.

BARNETT FRUMMER IS AN UNBLOOMED FLOWER, by Calvin Trillin. Soft implosions of mirthful satire that should trouble the social and political pretensions of those who would be with it.

POWER, by Adolf A. Berle. A former F.D.R. brain-truster and State Department official compellingly examines the sources and limitations of power and its relationship to ethics.

A SEA CHANGE, by J. R. Salamanca. Bitterness and tenderness are the alternating currents in this novel of the breakup of a marriage, by the author of *The Lost Country* and *Lilith*.

AMBASSADOR'S JOURNAL, by John Kenneth Galbraith. Kept during the author's two years as Ambassador to India, this diary is rare for both its first-rate prose and succinct, irreverent opinion ("The more

underdeveloped the country, the more overdeveloped the women").

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, by Antonia Fraser. A rich, billowing biography of a pretty queen who, by casting herself as a religious martyr, has upstaged her mortal enemy, Queen Elizabeth I, in the imagination of posterity.

THEM, by Joyce Carol Oates. One family's battle to escape the economic and spiritual depression of urban American life.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Godfather*, Puzo (1 last week)
2. *The House on the Strand*, du Maurier (3)
3. *The Seven Minutes*, Wallace (8)
4. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (4)
5. *In This House of Brede*, Godden (7)
6. *The Love Machine*, Susann (2)
7. *The Promise*, Potok (6)
8. *Naked Came the Stranger*, Ashe (5)
9. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (9)
10. *The Pretenders*, Davis (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The Selling of the President 1968*, McGinnis (3)
2. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
3. *Present at the Creation*, Acheson (5)
4. *My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy*, Gallagher (2)
5. *My Life and Prophecies*, Dixon and Noorbergen (6)
6. *Ambassador's Journal*, Galbraith
7. *The Honeycomb*, St. Johns (7)
8. *Prime Time*, Kendrick (4)
9. *The American Heritage Dictionary*
10. *The Human Zoo*, Morris

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LETTERS

California, Here It Comes

Sir: After reading your cover story on California living [Nov. 7], I immediately checked my mailing address and found that I do indeed live in California. But how can it? My hair is not down to my ankles, I only have one wife, and am not the president of a fast-growing conglomerate. My religion does not revolve around the worship of the sun god, and I generally wear clothes. Horrors of all, my waistline is thickening and my hair is thinning, and I don't even own a surfboard.

LARRY KLINK

Lakeside, Calif.

Sir: California is a colossal put-on. When I was there, I was served New York-cut steak, Long Island duckling, Maryland turkey and Maine lobster. All the long-legged, blue-eyed California girls hailed from Kansas and Texas. I sampled native gefilte fish in the deli opposite the Clift and—ugh!—discovered it was made with saltwater fish. This is our future?

JESSE LEVINE

Great Neck, N.Y.

Sir: If we were up to you and all the other goggle-eyed editors, sun-blinded by the exuberance of those West Coast Amazons, it would be compulsory for all females between the ages of three and 30 to live in the Land of Sunny Liberation. As an individualistic New Yorker, I can firmly state that no suntanned, bleached-blond athlete is going to make me follow in her stereotyped, sandy footprints.

KATHY McGOWAN

Long Beach, N.Y.

Sir: You are completely wrong, and under an optical illusion. Legs are no longer here than anywhere north, east or south of our borders. Skirts are shorter.

ERIC ROTHSCHILD

San Francisco

Sir: I'm a real California girl (San Francisco-born), but apparently your reporter didn't notice me because I don't drink orange juice (gives me hives), I don't bake in the sun (gives me heat rash and sunburn) and I don't surf or ski (dangerous).

Not only that, my legs are short (as is the rest of me), my eyes are clear only on smoggy days, and my skin is dormant, not exuberant.

My looks are minimum, my restraint is maximum, and my psyche is not restore. But, by God, my body is tranquil—probably because I'm not worn out by being a "California Girl."

CAROL LASTRUCCI

Milan, Italy

Sir: Indeed, the action is here. The new trends—both social and business—are here. Why? It is because a helluva lot of people are hard at work, creating and hustling into motion a better way of life. The lunatic elements make for colorful copy, but they contribute damned little to the dynamics that make this state tick.

And while I am at it, Before you begin the usual literary potshot routine on our Governor Reagan, look at recent financial statements on the state. You will note that a very wise mind is bringing stability into state government. And from this economic base expanding stability in many other social areas will develop.

JOE MANSFIELD

Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Sir: Next April 14th all of the native Southern Californians are going to engage in a massive field project to move the San Andreas Fault 200 miles east. Whereupon we will expel all non-natives (save my arthritic grandmother) and activate the fault. We will then begin to drift into the Pacific and with the help of our own "high" souls rise toward heaven. We will probably take Vegas with us and leave you Governor Reagan.

STEVE SPEAR

Los Angeles

Conflicts of Interest

Sir: President Nixon has spoken [Nov. 14] with the restraint and wisdom befitting the leader of a free people. All who sincerely want peace rather than increased influence and power for Communism and Socialism in the world should rally in support of our Government. Many public figures are tempted to oppose our present foreign policy, especially in Viet Nam, owing to personal conflicts of interest and political expediency. They have allowed wishful thinking to confuse enemy propaganda with fact.

(THE REV.) JOHN SHADE FRANKLIN
Burdocks Bay, Mass.

Sir: The greatest contribution of the Nixon Administration so far is to the vernacular of the day. It will rank with those of the recent past for great inspirational impact: "the common man," "the man in the street," "Remember Pearl Harbor," "Make the world safe for democracy," and the like, "The Great Silent Majority." Thrilling, isn't it? Just to think, silence; silence at last in this noisy world; silence that has given consent to any and all of the tragic events of history. We should all be proud to be one of them, the Great Silent Majority, who silently participate in perpetrating yet another tragedy on their fellow man.

L. D. LESH

New Brighton, Minn.

Sir: I love the term "silent majority"; it sounds so much nicer than *A Nation of Sheep*.

VELMA BULLARD

El Paso

The King's Man

Sir: You called him the King's Taster [Nov. 14]; I call him the King's Jester. For what other earthly reason can this boor be serving than to try to get the opportunity to laugh themselves to death?

HOMER F. BRUNEAU

Howell, Mich.

Sir: Blessed be the likes of Spiro Agnew, for they shall restore pride and honor to a disintegrating society. How much more inspiring to listen to the voice of this courageous and patriotic American than to the voices of the liberal breed who act as catalysts for the downfall of America. Surely the deceptive tales of tarnished Ted or the pacifist views of myopic McGovern will do little to revitaliz a demoralized people. Let's support our President and our institutions instead of being ashamed to love our flag.

AUDREY A. KELLEJAN
Willingboro, N.J.

Sir: I wonder if you would pass on my suggestion to Bill Adler, author of *The Kennedy Wit*, and books about the Johnson

wit, the Nixon wit, etc. Why not a book containing the hilarious utterances of Vice President Agnew, entitled *The Nit Wit*?

BILL STIMSON

Medical Lake, Wash.

What Defeat?

Sir: In "What Withdrawal Would Really Mean" [Oct. 24], you keep referring to "our defeat" in Viet Nam. I can't recall one operation there that was a military defeat for U.S. forces. For years now V.C. and N.V.A. troops have operated with complete freedom from staging areas in Laos, Cambodia and the DMZ, only to be decimated once they fielded forces in R.V.N. Our forces have allowed the enemy to stockpile vast amounts of food, weapons and ordnance, and once feeling the full capacity reached, moved in to capture and destroy these stores. Our forces, according to General Giap, War Minister of North Viet Nam, have exacted a toll of over 600,000 dead N.V.A. troops. The once well-trained and equipped N.V.A. troops have been reduced to a strictly second-rate force, according to senior U.S. commanders.

In spite of the lack of complete support from "freedom-loving Americans," our forces in R.V.N. have transformed that country into a viable nation slowly growing to the stage where it can hold its own against the terrorists from the North. Viet Nam was a defeat for this country's civilians, not for our armed forces.

NORMAN KINGSLY

Los Angeles

Sir: I am at a loss to understand how George W. Ball can believe that U.S. national interest in Berlin is "fundamental" and in Viet Nam only "marginal" [Nov. 7]. As an isolated and militarily indefensible outpost, West Berlin is of no strategic value; it is indeed a liability, because fears of Soviet retaliatory pressures against the hostage city restrict American freedom of action elsewhere. The decisive argument against abandoning Berlin is simply that to surrender a U.S.-protected non-Communist population to Communist rule would be a morally intolerable betrayal, and that for Washington to let itself be coerced into committing such a betrayal would have devastating consequences on anti-Communist morale.

Except in the eyes of racists, who may consider Asian non-Communists more expendable than European ones, the same moral and psychological considerations apply in Viet Nam. They are reinforced by the fact that South Viet Nam occupies a key strategic position in relation to Southeast Asia—a point I have heard emphasized in Malaysia and Singapore.

KENNETH H. W. HILBORN
Associate Professor of History
University of Western Ontario
London, Ont.

Stirring Up the Conglomerate

Sir: Shades of gay! Apparently only Mother Nature knows for sure the causes of homosexuality [Oct. 31] or what to do about it and, by golly, she's not talking. To her there is no such thing as perfection; otherwise, she'd stop her constant press of evolving. Always experimenting, that bitch!

Religiosity aside, is it not possible that men who burn in their lust just toward another, working that white is unmanly, as it were, might very well be only a nefarious experiment on Mother Nature's conglomerate known as the Human Race, and that we creatures really have very little to say about which side of the street

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At last an American President has acknowledged that it is his Administration's "clear responsibility to provide essential leadership" to control the flood of humanity that threatens to engulf the earth. President Nixon's July 18th message to Congress on the hazards of unchecked population growth brings the U.S. one step closer to meeting the most far-reaching crisis of our time.

"Today the world population is three and a half billion persons," the President told Congress. "It took many thousands of years to produce the first billion people; the next billion took a century; the third billion came after 30 years; the fourth will be produced in just 15....Over the next 30 years...the world's population could double!...With birth rates remaining high and with death rates dropping sharply, many countries of Latin America, Asia and Africa now grow 10 times as fast as they did a century ago."

There will be a hundred million more people in *our own country* in another 30 years or so. Whatever your present cause, it is a lost cause unless we check the population ex-

plosion. Good causes such as schools, churches, colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries, community chests, heart funds, and conservation will inevitably be swamped by too many people.

President Nixon's Proposals

The President has proposed that Congress set up a commission on "population growth and the American future." He has directed government agencies to:

1. Undertake additional research on birth-control methods of all types.
2. Train more people to work in population and family-planning programs, both in this country and abroad.
3. Give the highest priority to new techniques that can help safeguard the environment.

4. Establish as a national goal the provision of adequate family-planning services in the United States within the next five years for all those who want them but cannot afford them.

The President pointed out that we will, therefore, "have to increase the

amount we are spending on population and family planning." Our Government currently spends on population programs less than 3% of the amount it spends on space explorations. And far less than 1% of the amount it spends on the military.

We will also have to break down barriers of illiteracy and misinformation by utilizing fully the modern communication media of television and other mass media.

Write President Nixon in your own words telling him you applaud his plans and ask him to implement them without delay. Also contact anyone else in Washington you think might be helpful. Write your newspaper editor and talk to your friends, asking them to help. Your Government needs everyone's support in taking this courageous step in controlling population.

We'll be glad to send you reprints of this ad for posting where others will see it or for mailing to friends. We'll also send you reprints of President Nixon's message to Congress.

Remember: *Whatever your cause, it's a lost cause unless we control population.*

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**Set and forget
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Only Magnavox has it.**

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we shall follow? Heaven knows, there's not a mother's son among us who woke up one sunshiny morning and suddenly decided, "This is my day for boys!"

I don't wear my homosexuality on my sleeve nor shout it from the rooftops; neither do I give a particular damn who knows I'm gay. If they ask, I tell them. That is part of the secret of becoming well adjusted to the fact. Or after the fact, if you prefer!

E. N. BERNARDO

Baton Rouge, La.

Sir: I'm a heterosexual female, and I've met next to none of the female kind of homosexual people; however, I have worked around the male variety. I found them in general easy to deal with, open to personal problems, understanding about the discrimination against women, liberatingly free of *machismo* American-style, and otherwise no different from other men—except for the fact that they could deal with a woman as a human being, at least those I knew, rather than as a walking bit of sexual machinery. This is, of course, not innate but very much the result of their deviation from sexual role-playing (which I personally find one big, fat burden and have long since written off, together with anatomical destiny, and the rest of the shackling stereotyping).

Let's leave them alone; let's rather concentrate on the rapists and child molesters and try to find a philosophy where the sexes can get along without that abominable Judeo-Christian antagonism and guilt, which persecutes the boy-lover who won't hurt me and at the same time creates the sex maniac who will.

DAWN MCQUEEN BATTLE

Tacoma, Wash.

Sir: The real queers are the females of the species, who are constantly demonstrating their hair-raising, stupefying inadequacy and inferiority in all matters not directly concerned with procreation. I have been watching them for two generations now and have come to the conclusion that they are not only a different race but actually a different species, to be left severely alone. Procreation could be performed through computer-controlled sperm banks and artificial insemination with a minimum of physical contact. Then, at long last, the human male would be free to associate with his equals, having learned the art of love-making long ago from his peers in poetry and the arts far beyond the reach of female capacity.

JOSEF HAHN

Porz-Wahn, West Germany

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TIME, NOVEMBER 21, 1969

Instant Hertz

Instant Hertz



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In 1846, John Dewar, 40 years old, went into business for himself as a spirit merchant at 111 High Street, Perth, Scotland

The Scottish city of 40,000 people on the Banks of the River Tay. Nothing much has changed. The castle is still there. And every year from January to December, when the air is chill and pure and the water is cold, the people of Perth make Dewar's "White Label."

Another gold medal won at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904.

Son Tommy Dewar took a booth at the 1885 Brewer's Show in London, to find new markets for his father's blend. He used a bagpipe to entertain. (The first commercial use of music?)

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Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label." Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

Dewar's never varies.



The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

About \$7⁵⁰ SPICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

November 21, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 21

THE NATION

THE POLITICS OF POLARIZATION

TO lower our voices would be a simple thing." Richard Nixon proclaimed last January after taking the oath of office as President. Before the October antiwar Moratorium, he insisted that "under no circumstances" would he be affected by it. Yet now he has, in effect, abandoned his above-the-battle position. Nixon took the field against his critics in his Nov. 3 plea to "the silent majority" for backing of his Viet Nam policy, and last week he ordered Vice President Spiro Agnew into the fray to mount an extraordinary—and sometimes alarming—assault on network television's handling of the news (*see following story*).

What brought on the Agnew attack? In the past, the Administration has avowed that his salvos have had only tacit, after-the-fact approval from the White House. This one had its genesis in Richard Nixon's office on the morn-

ing after his Viet Nam speech, when the President read the news summary edited for him by Speechwriter Pat Buchanan—and concluded that the TV commentators had chopped him up. "There was fairly widespread dismay and unhappiness around here," says one White House aide wryly. The incoming mail showed that some of the President's supporters were just as upset, so Nixon sent Agnew into the breach.

Months before, the Vice President had turned down an invitation to speak at the Midwestern Regional Republican Conference in Des Moines. Last week, just two days before the meeting was to begin, Agnew suddenly reinvented himself. The conference chairman hastily hired the Fort Des Moines Hotel ballroom and scheduled Agnew as the klieg-light speaker. Agnew's words were written by Buchanan, who is a hard-line conservative, and vetted in the upper

echelons of Nixon's personal staff.

"The President has felt that the time has come when he could no longer try to hold everybody in the tent," a top aide explains. The Administration now seems committed to the politics of polarization. Viet Nam is the touchstone of division, the litmus test of loyalty. Nixon's aim is to demonstrate to Haider that the protesters do not speak for the American public, and so gain time and leverage for his plan for a gradual U.S. disengagement from Viet Nam. In the process, the Administration is splitting conservatives from liberals, drawing a line between dissenters and Americans who are sick of dissent—more so than of the war itself.

Presidential Aide Clark Mollenhoff told the Des Moines Register that the speech reflected concern that the Administration is not "getting through to the public"—not just on Viet Nam,

PRO-NIXON DEMONSTRATION IN WASHINGTON ON VETERANS DAY

JAMES WELLS, JR.—PICTURES PARADE



but also on such issues as the Safeguard ABM and the nomination of Judge Clement Haynsworth to the U.S. Supreme Court. The Haynsworth question is especially vexing to Nixon right now, since he faces almost certain defeat when the nomination comes to a vote in the Senate this week. In each of these controversies, Mollenhoff contended, newspapers, magazines and television news reports have "distorted" the facts and failed to give the Administration's case a fair hearing.

The newly strenuous notes of partisanship were sounded on other fronts. George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, cheered Agnew as the "champion of the old culture that values historic and democratic principles." In Milwaukee, Attorney General John Mitchell blamed public mistrust of Government primarily on "the deception which was practiced over the last few years" by the Johnson Administration. Transportation Secretary John Volpe drove well off his official road to damn a majority of the organizers of last week's renewed antiwar protest as "Communist or Communist-inspired."

Mastery Performance. While Agnew and Nixon's Cabinet circuit riders were spreading a tough evangelical line from a multitude of pulpits, Nixon himself—contented with public response to his Viet Nam speech and buoyed by pro-Administration demonstration—stuck with gentler preaching to the converted. On the 51st anniversary of the Armistice that ended World War I, Nixon visited patients at a Washington veterans' hospital. Then, on the eve of M-day II, he invited Senators and Representatives from both parties to the White House to thank them for Capitol Hill support. A House resolution introduced by Democrat Jim Wright of Texas backs the President broadly "in his efforts to negotiate a just peace" and specifically in the details of his policy; it now has 309 sponsors. Fifty-nine Senators have signed a letter to the U.S. delegation in Paris that is less explicit but also praises Nixon for seeking "a just peace."

The President came up with an effective way to underscore his appeal for unity, thus further isolating his critics. Normally a President speaks to Congress only on formal occasions—to deliver a State of the Union address or a momentous special message. Last week, on less than 24 hours' notice, Nixon arrived to address the House for twelve minutes without notes, invoking the bipartisan spirit of U.S. foreign policy that had prevailed in his own days as a Representative during the Truman Administration. He declared: "When the security of America is involved, when the lives of our young men are involved, we are not Democrats, we are not Republicans, we are Americans." That statement drew heavy applause and loud cheers, though party spirit has not been an issue on Viet Nam and though the question of whether

the war is indeed crucial to U.S. security is at the heart of the debate and transcends party lines.

"I believe that we will achieve a just peace in Viet Nam," he went on. "I cannot tell you the date, but I do know this: that when peace comes it will come because of the support that we have received, not just from Republicans, but from Democrats, from Americans in this House, in the other body [the Senate], and throughout the nation." Nixon's speech, delivered as the peace demonstrators assembled for the first of their marches in Washington, was in many ways more persuasive and candid than his TV address to the nation. As he left Washington to watch the Apollo 12 launch at Cape Kennedy (see *THE MOON*, p. 28), the President was visibly and understandably pleased with himself.

Altered Mood. While shrill contentiousness is something of a novelty in the Nixon Administration, it is scarcely a tactic new to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Franklin Roosevelt rounded on "economic royalists" and Harry Truman on the "do-nothing 80th Republican Congress" in deliberate attempts to polarize the U.S. electorate, and both were critical of what was said about them in print. Now, as then, the news media tend to be thin-skinned and quick to rush to their own defense.

There is nothing wrong with a President's attacking his detractors; what is unsettling about Nixon's current offensive is the weapons he has chosen and the way he does battle. In his Viet Nam speech he honored the patriotism of his critics—and then impugned it by remarking: "North Viet Nam cannot defeat or humiliate the United States. Only Americans can do that." While there is much room for thoughtful criticism of television news, Agnew's blast was partisan and intemperate, and left a certain impression that the issue would never have been raised had the networks backed the President. Dean Burch, newly confirmed head of the Federal Communications Commission, raised doubts about the preservation of the agency's traditional independence of the Executive Branch when he enthusiastically applauded Agnew's attack.

In the short run, Nixon's politics of polarization are paying off. What will happen in the longer haul is more problematical, both at home and vis-à-vis Hanoi. He argues that dissent weakens the U.S. bargaining position. But not only is he stimulating dissent among many moderates and on the left by his new belligerence, he also risks stirring up the hard-line right to renewed cries of "Not peace—victory!" He may exacerbate the tensions of a nation distraught and confused as it has not been since the Depression. That danger augurs ill for both his presidency and the American people, and could in the end make a compromise settlement in Viet Nam more difficult for Americans to understand and accept.



PROTEST MARCHERS IN CAPITAL

AGNEW DEMANDS EQUAL TIME

THE networks had been forewarned of the subject matter of the speech—including a line that read: "Whether what I've said to you tonight will be seen and heard at all by the nation is not my decision, it's their decision." Hence "they," the three television networks, had their cameras warm and waiting when Spiro Agnew arrived to address the Midwestern Regional Republican Conference.

For 30 minutes—carried live in the dinner-hour news slot by the networks—Agnew inveighed against the commentators and producers who control the flow of information and comment to the nation's television viewers.

"A small group of men," said Agnew, "numbering perhaps no more than a dozen anchormen, commentators and executive producers, settle upon the film and commentary that is to reach the public. They decide what 40 to 50 million Americans will learn of the day's events in the nation and in the world." Such vast and unchecked power in the hands of a "small and unelected elite," the Vice President claimed, has served to distort traditional rhythms of "normality"—"our national search for internal peace and stability." Gresham's law, he said, "seems to be operating in the network news. Bad news drives out good. Concurrence can no longer compete with dissent. One minute of Eldridge Cleaver is worth ten minutes of Roy Wilkins."

No Censorship

In attacking TV—broad and inviting target that it is—Agnew was also aiming at a larger foe. For network TV to many Americans is symbolic of the Eastern Establishment, of glibness and superiority, of unwelcome change, of dissent and division. Still, some of Agnew's criticisms were entirely sensible. He asked a great many questions that have troubled others about the nature and source of TV's power, its influence on America, its effects for good or ill. The speech was more professional and better drafted than almost any he has delivered—thanks to fitting in the White House speech shop. There were, for example, no such gems as "an effete corps of impudent snobs." If the prose was somewhat more finished than in some other recent Agnew performances, the tone was still truculent, occasionally intemperate and bullying. "I'm not asking for Government censorship or any other kind of censorship," he protested. But he noted pointedly that television stations are subject to federal licensing.

Agnew began by attacking television's postmortem analyses of Richard Nixon's Nov. 3 Viet Nam speech. "President

Nixon delivered the most important address of his administration," said Agnew. "His hope was to rally the American people to see the conflict through to a lasting and just peace in the Pacific." But no sooner had Nixon finished his painstakingly prepared address, the Vice President complained, than "his words and policies were subjected to instant analysis and querulous criticism."

Agnew did not name names, but the White House seems particularly incensed by the correspondent who "twice contradicted the President's statement about the exchange of correspondence with Ho Chi Minh." That was CBS's Marvin

Paris, who has consistently criticized Nixon's war policies. ABC had lined up Harriman for an interview after the Nixon speech. The choice was biased in a sense; it clearly indicated that ABC meant to criticize the President. Yet Agnew spoke not merely of Harriman's being "trotted out" to offer "gratuitous advice," but sharply impugned his peace efforts. While he was in Paris, said Agnew, the U.S. "swapped some of the greatest military concessions in the history of warfare for an enemy agreement on the shape of the bargaining table." That line has an Agnewistic demagoguery about it that led some to think the Vice President wrote it himself and inserted it into the speech.

The "greatest concessions" involved the U.S. bombing halt in exchange for a tacit agreement with North Viet Nam to stop attacks on South Vietnamese cities as well as military operations in the DMZ, and acceptance of the South Vietnamese government at the conference table. Since then, Hanoi has not entirely adhered to the first two points. But if the Nixon Administration really believes that Harriman made the worst deal in the history of warfare, would it not be reasonable to resume the bombing?

In another questionable passage, Agnew conjured up a comparison of Nixon to Winston Churchill, who "didn't have to contend with a gaggle of commentators raising doubts about . . . whether Britain had the stamina to see the war through." In fact, Churchill had his share of critical commentators. More important, the Nazi threat of total war against Britain and the entire Western world simply cannot compare to the threat posed to the U.S. by the enemy in Viet Nam.

Rhetoric aside, Agnew did touch on a major phenomenon. It is the strange, pervasive love-hate relationship that Americans seem to have with TV—the force that entertains them, unifies them by making them simultaneous witnesses to great events, and yet also brings them words and images they resent. Most often, of course, they are words and images beyond the control of the distant and suspect networks; they are the inevitable result of social upheaval, of change, or war. But in challenging the qualifications and motives of the TV news commentators and producers, Agnew brought to the surface questions that have been in the mind of every American who has ever tuned in a news program. Who are these men? What are their prejudices and backgrounds? Since they broadcast from Washington and New York, are they



AGNEW SPEAKING IN DES MOINES
Major questions, rhetoric aside.

Kalb. Despite Nixon's claim that Ho was intransigent, Kalb observed that "the Ho Chi Minh letter contained some of the softest, most accommodating language found in a Communist document concerning the war in Viet Nam in recent years."

Special Venom

Another commentator, said Agnew, "challenged the President's abilities as a politician." That was ABC's Bill Lawrence. A third was berated for claiming that Nixon "was following the Pentagon line." That was ABC's Bill Downs. "Others," the Vice President said, "by the expression of their faces, the tone of their questions and the sarcasm of their responses, made clear their sharp disapproval."

The speech had a special venom for Averell Harriman, former negotiator at

dedicated members of the Eastern Establishment or what Author Theodore H. White calls the "opinionated Mafia"? How do TV news and commentary programs come to be? Do they need outside control? Agnew touched on several major features of TV news:

• INSTANT REBUTTAL. "The President has the right to communicate with the people who elected him," said Agnew, "without having the President's words and thoughts characterized through the prejudices of hostile critics before they can be digested." It is true that a commentator can assure himself of a vast automatic audience by following the President on the air, and the instant rebuttals or analyses are often feeble. But in the case of the Viet Nam speech, reporters had an hour to study the text before Nixon spoke; they were also briefed on the contents by White House advisers so that they were not speaking entirely off the cuff in their critiques. Besides, the President's right (purely customary) to use television whenever he chooses is an extremely powerful weapon—some think too powerful. Says CBS's Eric Sevareid: "I think the networks should reconsider having all three of the major networks carrying a presidential speech at the same time live. Perhaps that is a kind of monopoly position given to a political leader that he ought not have." Some argue that a President, controlling the U.S. Government's vast information network and releasing only what information he cares to, should not be allowed to air his official pronouncements without some balancing criticisms.

• EDITING REALITY. More worrisome than the influence of individual commentators is the effect that can be achieved by the selection of film or tape footage. In this way TV producers can more or less edit reality. Television, even more than other media, has a bias for action and excitement. A small disturbance at a cross-section can, when it fills a TV screen, suggest an entire city in riot. Similarly, during the Newark riots of 1967, TV reporters and their audience were duped into believing that a church assistant was a minister and prominent black spokesman. Hundreds of charges of distortion were brought against the networks for their coverage of the 1968 Chicago Democratic Convention, but a Federal Communications Commission investigation found "no substantial basis" for them. If the influence of TV were as irresistible as Agnew claims, and if TV reporting of Chicago was so prejudiced, why did a majority of Americans nevertheless support Mayor Richard Daley and his police? Still, the power of television to decide which event and which part of an event to cover is awesome, and must be kept under scrutiny. On the evening newscasts a few hours before President Nixon's Viet Nam speech, both NBC and CBS carried film of atrocities committed by South Vietnamese troops.

• INSTANT FAME. TV, Agnew charged, can create issues overnight and turn nobodies into national figures. But Agnew's own examples suggested that this process has limits. He mentioned Stokely Carmichael; in Carmichael's case, notoriety happened, at least in part, for complicated psychological reasons having to do with white guilt. Agnew also mentioned George Lincoln Rockwell; in his case, only minor notoriety resulted, and only assassination transformed him into a national figure.

Perhaps Agnew's most telling charge was that the TV "elite" consists of only seemingly well-informed, possibly unqualified people whose backgrounds and credentials are virtually unknown and who think alike: "To a man, these commentators and producers live and work in the geographical and intellectual confines of Washington, D.C., or New York City. Both communities bask in their own provincialism, their own pa-

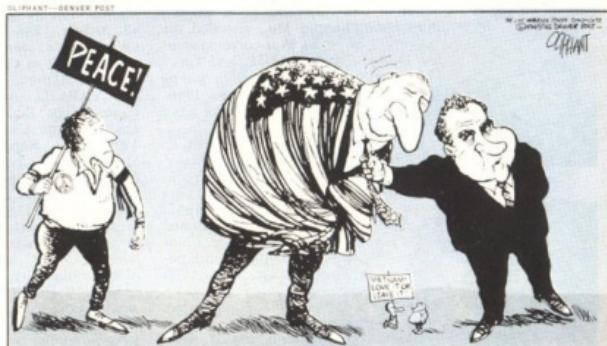
so Draconian, but singled out "a dozen announcers, commentators, executive producers" who control TV news, and superficially he got the number right (see box, page 20).

Right and Wrong

His complaint of sameness among the commentators also gains a certain superficial support from their biographies. Many are from the Midwest, most broke into journalism on small or middle-sized newspapers, most are Democrats or Independents. But TV's top commentators are in fact remarkably different in their approaches to life and their jobs.

Because of his professorial manner and general conservatism, ABC's Howard K. Smith probably stands out most distinctly. A supporter of U.S. involvement in Viet Nam, his hawkishness deepened after his soldier-son was gravely wounded in the war. Walter Cronkite also he-

CLIFFHANT—DENVER POST



rochialism. These men read the same newspapers, draw their political and social views from the same sources. Worse, they talk constantly to one another."

The Vice President was echoing a journalist who closely followed the election of President Nixon, Theodore H. White. Reacting at least partially to unfavorable reviews of his book, *The Making of a President, 1968*, White attacked the "increasing concentration of the cultural pattern of the U.S. in fewer hands. You can take a compass with a one-mile radius and put it down at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 51st Street in Manhattan and you have control of 95% of the entire opinion and influence-making in the U.S." On William F. Buckley's TV program, *Firing Line*, White suggested breaking up the networks. "Let's say we can rear back and pass a miracle bill. We would say only one national network can have its headquarters in New York City, one must be in Los Angeles and one must be in Chicago."

Agnew's proposals were not nearly

lies in the U.S. commitment in Viet Nam, although he feels that it has developed serious flaws. Basically, he is an optimist. Poverty? Pollution? Problems of the aged? In his fatherly, concerned way, Cronkite feels that "we've got a pretty good democracy going in this country; it works pretty well. If the people really want to do those jobs badly enough, they'll get a Congress that wants to do those jobs badly enough."

After the Chicago convention, however, Cronkite developed at least one gloomy streak in the form of a premonition of censorship. "People are beginning," he said, "to mistake us for the stories we're covering." Those who were charging TV journalists with biased reporting were "doing so for political reasons, for the most part." Even mere reminders that TV stations were licensed amounted to censorship, he felt. "When they talk about public responsibility in the news, they're talking about censorship." And, he added, "they'll come to newspapers next. They won't

The "Unelected Elite"

Hundreds of men and women are responsible for the presentation of TV news, and any selection of an "elite" (in Spiro Agnew's phrase) is necessarily arbitrary. Still, a few men stand out at the top of the profession, including the twelve, some familiar and some not, who are identified below:



LOWER



WESTIN



FRANK



MIDGLEY



SALANT



WESTFELDT

1954. Married (to Betty Furness), three children. Registered Democrat.

REYNOLDS, Frank, 45, ABC News analyst. Born in East Chicago, Ind., attended Indiana University and Wabash College. Anchor man at WBKB-TV, Chicago, 1950; writer-producer-reporter at WBBM-CBS, Chicago, 1951-63. ABC Chicago correspondent, 1963-65, and ABC White House correspondent, 1965-68. Married, five sons.

SALANT, Richard S., 55, president of CBS News. Born in New York City, graduated from Harvard, 1935 (A.B.) and Harvard Law School, 1938 (LL.B.). Attorney for U.S. Government, 1938-43, serving on National Labor Relations Board, with the Solicitor General and as acting director of the Attorney General's Committee on Administrative Procedure. Associate of law firm of Rosenman Goldmark, Colin & Kaye, 1946-48; partner, 1948-52. Vice president of CBS, 1952-61; named director of CBS and president of CBS News, 1961. Married, five children.

SEVAREID, (Arnold) Eric, 56, CBS News analyst. Born in Velva, N. Dak., graduated from University of Minnesota, 1935 (A.B.). Reporter on Minneapolis Star, 1936-37; city editor, Paris edition of the New York Herald-Tribune, 1938-39. Became CBS European correspondent, 1939, as U.S. war correspondent, broadcast French capitulation from Tours and Bordeaux; CBS Washington bureau, 1941-43 and 1946-59. Author of five books. Divorced, two children.

SMITH, Howard K., 55, ABC News analyst. Born in Ferriday, La., graduated from Tulane University, 1936 (B.A.); Rhodes scholar at Oxford, 1937. Correspondent in London for United Press, 1939; CBS Berlin correspondent, 1941. War correspondent, 1944-45. Chief European correspondent of CBS in London, 1946-57. CBS Washington correspondent, 1957-61; CBS chief correspondent and general manager, 1961-62. Joined ABC in 1962. Author of three books. Married, two children.

WESTFELDT, Wallace, 46, executive producer of *Huntley-Brinkley*. Born in New Orleans, graduated from the University of the South, 1947 (B.A.). Time correspondent, 1950 and 1952; reporter, Nashville *Tennessean*, 1953-61. Associate producer, NBC, 1961; writer for *Huntley-Brinkley*, 1963; associate producer in Washington, 1967. Married, one daughter.

WESTIN, Avram (Av) Robert, 40, ABC executive producer. Born in New York City, graduated from New York University, 1949 (B.A.); Columbia, 1958 (M.A.). CBS News writer-reporter, 1950-53; producer-director, 1958-67. Executive producer CBS News, 1965-67; executive director of Public Broadcasting Laboratory, 1967-69. Divorced, one son. An Independent.



BRINKLEY



CRONKITE



SMITH



SEVAREID



REYNOLDS



HUNTLEY

stop." David Brinkley, "liberal, but not very," is just as pessimistic about the Federal Government, "a clumsy, heavy-footed bureaucratic monster out of contact with the American people."

No one could be further from effete snobbery than Chet Huntley. Deeply—almost lyrically—affected by his childhood in Montana, he is quite simply puzzled and troubled about America. When he was a child in the West, he says, "Our idealisms were to be kind to your neighbor. You respected your father and your mother, you exercised thrift and you saved—you saved for a rainy day." Today, "we really don't know ourselves. We haven't had time in the past 60 years to stop and get acquainted with ourselves. Our youngsters have idealisms which are somewhat grander in proportion—namely, the brotherhood of man and world peace, and those are difficult to get into action."

Thoughtful, deliberate Eric Sevareid probably comes closest to the liberal in-

ard Nixon with a suppressed "natural instinct to smash the enemy with a club or go after him with a meat ax." Av Westin, executive producer of the ABC evening news, puts the industry's case in its best possible light. "My politics are more conservative than Vice President Agnew would have people believe, but that doesn't matter. My job is to keep my politics and those of others off the air. You can't always be objective because you bring your experiences to things—so you try to be fair. We are on guard. We're not infallible. We try."

Typical of the kind of trying that goes into a news program is the *Huntley-Brintley Report*. The first staffers arrive around 9 a.m., and shortly thereafter film crews are ordered out on the likeliest stories. Each morning Executive Producer Wallace Westfeldt attends a meeting with the NBC news brass, including President Reuben Frank. "But no one," says Westfeldt, "ever tells us what to run or what not to run." But, of course, certain prevailing assumptions, a certain atmosphere, almost unconsciously dictate decisions. Through the day, film arriving from all over the world is run off and edited. Late breaking footage can be put on the line from one of the affiliated stations.

Around 3:30 p.m., Westfeldt decides the first "rundown," the order and length (down to the second) of the stories. An hour or so later, a couple of writers begin to rap out Huntley's copy, mostly from the A.P. wire. Brinkley generally writes his own. Westfeldt has final film cut and say: he doesn't touch Brinkley's prose, but he sometimes overrules David on the priority of items. New, updated copy sometimes is slipped to the anchor men during commercial breaks.

Vote by Channel Selector

By what authority does this "small band of commentators and self-appointed analysts" (Agnew's words) shape the presentation of the news each evening? As in any business, their rise depends on intelligence, talent and merit. But TV is not just business; it is show business. Top commentators are in the \$200,-000-a-year bracket because they draw audiences. Thus, even though Agnew calls them "unselected," TV newscasters and commentators are more elected than any other newsmen in America. Every night the viewer votes with his channel selector: the Nielsen rating company tabulates the results. Just now, CBS's Walter Cronkite is ahead of Huntley-Brintley 26 million viewers to 21 million. Despite Agnew's presumption that silent-majority viewers would prefer an alternative to CBS-NBC doveness, viewer-voters leave Frank Reynolds (who publicly questioned last month's Moratorium) and hawkish Howard K. Smith far behind, with an audience of 10,500,000.

There are many power centers in a free society—foundations, corporations, the print press—whose top executives

are not "elected" and have no political constituency. Many people are legitimately concerned about the responsibility and power such men wield. One answer is that they represent an important counterweight to the sometimes excessive power of Government; another is that their influence is limited by competition and diversity. In TV, greater diversity is undoubtedly possible through proper financial support of the fourth, public network and a larger number of local stations.

Broadcasters' Greed

Agnew's implication that TV newscasting and commentary do not draw enough critical attention belies the facts on every hand. A new awards committee, supported by the Alfred I. du Pont Foundation and Columbia University, last week published a tough, 128-page critique entitled *Survey of Broadcast Journalism 1968-1969* (Grosset & Dunlap Inc.; \$1.95). Prepared by a jury



FCC COMMISSIONER JOHNSON
Public property for public interest.

tellectualism that is anathema to Agnew. Yet, even he shares an Agnewesque distaste for "professional intellectuals. They tempt me to agree with Eric Hoffer, who said that intellectuals must never be given power because they want people to get down on their knees and learn to love what they really hate and hate what they really love."

Agnew's most dangerous point is that newscasters ought to reflect majority opinion, rather than their own best judgment, and that this somehow would make them objective. Almost to a man, broadcasters reject objectivity as a goal and insist that they are fair. An objective man, says David Brinkley, "would have to be put away in an institution because he's some sort of vegetable." ABC Anchor Man Frank Reynolds was quoted by Agnew as saying, "You can't expunge all your private convictions," and during the 1968 campaign charged Rich-



RHODE ISLAND'S PASTORE
Protection from citizen protest.

of five people who know their TV well,* the report indicted the industry for dereliction of its duty to the American people—although not in the sense meant by Agnew. Among its conclusions: broadcasting is far behind print in investigative reporting, "documentary programming hit a new low" and reporting of the 1968 election campaign did not adequately inform the electorate. In a personal postscript, Sir William Haley kissed off much of U.S. news coverage as "meretricious, superficial and spotty." The survey hammered at what it called "the real cause of the crisis in broadcasting": broadcasters' obsession with private profit rather than public ser-

* Sir William Haley, former director-general of the British Broadcasting Corp.; Author-Critics Marya Mannis and Michael Arlen; Richard Baker, acting dean of the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, and his predecessor, Dean Edward Barrett.

vice. "A theologian would call it greed," the jury dryly observed, and they included advertisers who shied from sponsoring public-affairs shows as well as local station managers who did not deign to carry them.

Theoretically, at least, the agency to deal with these shortcomings already exists: the Federal Communications Commission. Its control of the broadcast industry would seem to be an infringement-

ment of the First Amendment guarantee of freedom of the press, but it is excused on the grounds that there are so few available broadcast channels and they are therefore public property and must be used in the public interest. Stations are licensed and bound by written rules covering everything from transmission wattage to obscenity. Political candidates are guaranteed equal time with rival candidates, and a citizen may

rebut a "personal attack" from anyone appearing on a TV station.

If the FCC finds that a station is not operating in the public interest, it can revoke its license or refuse renewal. The FCC does not license networks, but since each network owns at least five TV stations, the commission can exercise considerable influence over them.

It never has. Over the years, most commissioners have gone into or served as lawyers for the broadcasting industry once they left the FCC. Even if they had been eager to bite the hand that promised to feed them, the commissioners never had sufficient funds to monitor stations properly. Only lately, under the prodding of Nicholas Johnson and a few other activist commissioners, has there been a change. Last January Boston station WHDH-TV lost its license for several reasons, including the other media interests of its owner. And last August, an FCC hearing examiner recommended the suspension of a Los Angeles station's license for "dreadful" programming and because it "misérably failed to serve the public interest." Around the country, groups of concerned citizens are challenging the license renewals of stations for reasons such as racial bias, local media monopoly and unfair reporting.

Final Takeover

But the broadcast lobby is one of the most powerful in Washington, and Senator John O. Pastore of Rhode Island, chairman of the Communications Subcommittee, has introduced a bill to protect a broadcaster's license from public challenge unless it has been previously revoked. In effect, the Pastore bill would grant owners a permanent license. Commissioner Johnson called the legislation "the final takeover by broadcasters," and warned that it meant further emasculation of the FCC. Nixon's appointment of Dean Burch (*see box*) and a Kansas broadcaster named Robert Wells to the FCC has been interpreted as a pro-industry move. On the face of it, Agnew has rallied the nation's citizens against shabby television practices. But unless Agnew and his boss give equal time and attention to the defeat of the Pastore bill, the gesture will prove to be hollow.

Still, Agnew's attack on TV drew wide support, and it did quite a lot for him politically. He is undoubtedly a more considerable figure today than he was three weeks ago. During last year's campaign he blamed the press and TV for ridiculing him. Since then, he has provided by his own experience a perfect rebuttal of what he acerbically said about TV in his speech—that without justification, it can bring an obscure figure to prominence overnight. If Agnew, by his public speeches, had not compelled the networks to pay attention to him, he would still dwell in vice-presidential obscurity. Spiro Agnew owes his office to Richard Nixon, but today he is also a creation of the media.

Activist at the FCC?

SOON after President Nixon delivered his Viet Nam speech on television two weeks ago, the three networks received an unusual personal request from Dean Burch, new chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. Burch wanted to see transcripts of the discussion programs that followed Nixon's address. Immediately. Since the transcripts would have reached FCC offices routinely within 30 days, the new chairman was obviously showing something more than casual interest. Last week broadcasters learned how much more. Endorsing Spiro Agnew's attack on network news as "thoughtful" and "provocative," Burch delivered a not-so-subtle reminder that the FCC has the potential—and in fact the duty—to wield enormous influence on U.S. television.

Burch shrugged off his display of interest as "the easiest way to get the information." Moreover, he carefully re-emphasized Agnew's disclaimer of any notion of Government censorship and, like Agnew, said that change should come from public pressure and the industry itself.

Burch is nothing if not adaptable. At Du Pont-Columbia broadcast award ceremonies last week, he declared in his first speech as FCC chairman that "the finest hour of television is in its news and public-affairs reporting." In fact, he came on more as the Hugh Downs of TV officialdom than a fighting critic. "Unthinking criticism, in my opinion, is a cop-out," said Burch. "We must not contribute to an atmosphere in which each party to an issue tries to outshout the other so that neither is heard." He frankly admitted that he did not have "all the answers to the problems of the communications industry" and suggested that no one else did.

Nor, until last week, did his appointment give any hint that the White House was unhappy with television's point of view. Nicholas Johnson, the commission's most outspoken liberal (who has also called for more public involvement in TV), recently criticized Nixon for clearing Burch's appointment with broadcasting honchos before announcing it.



DEAN BURCH

uty director of Goldwater's presidential campaign and later as Republican national chairman. His tall, rugged good looks (a colleague recently called him the "Marlboro Man from Arizona") and breezy Western manner made him one of the more personable figures in Goldwater's campaign. Burch has gained the reputation of being a skilled organizer and an imperturbable man in the face of ridicule.

His sudden change of tone on TV news broadcasting raises the possibility that in last week's statement Burch was simply backing up a political friend. Even so, if the friend happens to be Vice President and is determined to curb TV dissent, the implications are that the friend has the rightest man in the right job at the right time.

PARADES FOR PEACE AND PATRIOTISM

ONCE again, on main streets and Broadway, in village halls, state-houses and the national capital, at coliseums, campuses and churches, Americans turned out to march, argue and declaim over Viet Nam. The spectacle in many ways resembled the October Moratorium, but with a major difference. This time, answering Richard Nixon's call, the opponents of dissent also demonstrated in force, making a counter-attack and a purposeful counterpoint to the antiwar protesters. For the President's "silent majority," Veterans Day provided a natural opportunity to sound the trumpets of loyalty and patriotism as defined by Nixon. No less patriotic by their own lights, the antiwar forces also blossomed with American flags in three days of nationwide activities that were anchored by mass marches in Washington and San Francisco.

Every viewpoint found its defenders: militants who would fight to the end, those who back the President's gradual disengagement policy, others who want him to move faster, advocates of instantaneous and total U.S. withdrawal from Southeast Asia. During much of the time that tens of thousands of young marchers against the war filed past the White House, the President remained aloof inside, showing no sign that he was moved to consider any policy change. He seems under no immediate compulsion to do so. The massive demonstration in Washington showed the continuing momentum of dissent. Nonetheless, the week's activity nationwide served to emphasize that those who want an immediate end to the war, regardless of consequences, still represent a minority. The week showed one marked change in the national ethos—a more sharply defined split not only over the war itself but over the legitimacy of dissent. Activists both for and against the Administration promised to increase their efforts; if they do, it seems inevitable that the national division over the war will widen.

Prominent Dropouts. The two mass antiwar demonstrations were the creation of the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam, a conglomerate that includes pacifists, Trotskyites, clergymen, socialists of various stripes, Communists, radicals and non-ideologists who simply want out of the war. Though there is some overlap of leadership, the New Mobe is distinct from the Viet Nam Moratorium Committee, a more moderate organization that began the M-day series last month and plans to continue them monthly as long as the U.S. remains in Viet Nam. The Moratorium leaders supported the New Mobe's marches, though the mass demonstrations in Washington and San Francisco drew manpower and spirit away from smaller observances elsewhere.

The difference between the two groups

soon became starkly clear. The New Mobe, though it has a middle-aged leadership, attracted to Washington and San Francisco a youthful following. The Moratorium events, though organized by McCarthy campaign veterans who are mostly in their 20s and early 30s, managed to draw a broader cross section of support because of their less strident tone. A number of public officials who participated fully in the October Moratorium wanted nothing to do with the New Mobe's operation, for the most part because they feared becoming associated with radicals who might cause violence. Among the prominent dropouts: Senators Edmund Muskie, Edward Kennedy, Frank Church and Jacob Javits. Other doves stuck with the movement, particularly Senators Charles Goodell, Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern.

Freelance Fanatics. The apprehensions of the more cautious Senators were at least partly borne out. While last month's Moratorium activities were violence-free, a group of young extremists in Washington last week twice marred the peace kept by the overwhelming majority of demonstrators. Breaking off from the main force, an *ad hoc* collection of Crazies, Yippies, Mad Dogs, Weathermen and freelance fanatics numbering more than 1,000 banded together as the Revolutionary Contingent for the Vietnamese People. On Friday night, as nonviolent activities continued elsewhere in Washington, they

tried to march on the South Vietnamese embassy. One chant along the way: "Two, four, six, eight! Organize and smash the state!" When District police blocked their path, the kids threw bottles and rocks. The police replied with tear gas. With one or two exceptions, they held nightsticks in check; the cops acted, in fact, with cool competence. The retreating kids retaliated by breaking store windows, stoning cars and burning a police motorcycle. Ten policeman were injured and 26 youths arrested in the skirmish, which lasted for nearly four hours.

All told, the Government had earlier mustered more than 11,000 National Guardsmen, paratroopers, military police and Marines to serve as reserves behind Washington's 3,800-man police force. Contingents of troops were placed around the White House and in Government buildings considered likely targets for extremists, including the Justice Department. The Justice Department was also headquarters of Attorney General John Mitchell's intelligence center, where information was gathered and deployments plotted for policing the march. Sure enough, Justice became the scene of the second violent incident, this one on Saturday night. Nearly 5,000 youngsters massed behind red banners, though the majority had come to watch rather than attack. The cry was "Stop the trial!"—the Chicago trial of those accused of conspiracy in last year's Democratic Convention ri-

DAVID GANZ



PROTESTERS' BALLOONS DURING ANTIWAR LIEDOWN AT MANHATTAN'S CENTRAL PARK
Mingling of festive mood and soulful reflection.

ots. The mob got close enough to the Justice building to throw stones through windows and to substitute a Viet Cong standard for an American flag in front of the building. Again the police were circumspect, and troops stayed out of the action. New Mobe marshals tried to make the mob go back, actually interposing themselves between demonstrators and the police. It was no use. After one of the senior marshals talked to Police Chief Jerry Wilson, he ordered: "Marshals get back to the side. God help us." Using tear gas, the police then broke up the demonstration, sending the marchers fleeing in small groups. There was no punitive clubbing or mass arrests; only 32 were picked up.

March Marshals. The last thing the New Mobe leaders had wanted was violence. Unlike the 1967 march on the Pentagon and the demonstrations at the

march turn south before reaching the front of the White House. The New Mobe also designated about 3,000 march marshals to help keep order. The motivation was not entirely altruistic. Violence would impeach the entire peace movement, supporting the argument that to be antiwar is to be anti-America.

Most marchers probably did not think of it that way; they were just nonviolent types moved by the spirit of Woodstock—a mingling of festive mood and soulful reflection. Beginning in midweek, by bus, train, plane and car, the kids poured into Washington. Pea coats, bell-bottoms, old Army field jackets and blue denim dominated the fashion scene. Those over 25 and conventionally dressed were a small minority.

The "March Against Death," the first antiwar ritual of the week in Washington, began at 6 p.m. Thursday. Dis-

Mrs. Judy Droz, 23, of Columbia, Mo., was chosen to walk first in the March Against Death. Her husband, a Navy officer, died in Viet Nam last spring. "I have come to Washington to cry out for liberty, for freedom, for peace," she said. The New Mobe organizers had recruited others who had lost loved ones in the war, but some gold-star families wanted none of it. In Philadelphia and Dallas, groups of mothers and widows of G.I.s killed in combat obtained court orders to bar use of the men's names by the protesters.

No Pesticides. Drums, this time muffled in black crepe, also led the second parade Saturday morning, when the full force of demonstrators started from the Capitol on the mile-long walk to the Washington Monument. Despite the confusion and the orders unheard in the din and the cold wind, the crowd was remarkably orderly.

"Peace now!" was the chant heard most often. Some radicals who say that they want a Communist victory in Viet Nam produced Viet Cong flags, and at least 50 portraits of Ho Chi Minh were in evidence. On the other hand, American flags, distributed free, festooned the line of march. The banners, buttons and shouts showed the movement's broad diversity. One contingent followed the cry: "Big firms profit, G.I.s die!" THE MOVEMENT NEEDS STRONG BODIES AND NO PESTICIDES, PURE FOODS read other mottoes. Yet another banner proclaimed: PEACE, PEACE, PEACE, SEND SPIRO BACK TO GREECE.

Despite the militant words, the mood of the crowd was almost uniformly cheerful. Eugene McCarthy had spoken at the assembly point, telling the marchers that their mission was "to light and lift the moral burdens which rest upon every American." Ahead, at the monument, were other heroes, including Rock and Folk Performers Pete Seeger, Arlo Guthrie and some performers from *Hair*. There, it appeared that Police Chief Jerry Wilson's crowd estimate of 250,000 might be low. A solid, bundled carpet of humanity covered the cold, hard ground. Even at Wilson's figure, it was the biggest turnout of its kind that Washington had ever seen, exceeding even the 1963 civil rights rally, which took place on a pleasant August day.

Most of the audience stuck it out for the full five hours, though few of the speakers seemed to make much of an impression. Coretta King, Goodell and McGovern made thoughtful if somewhat predictable speeches. The afternoon's high point came not from reasoned advocacy but from litany. Pete Seeger, Mitch Miller, and Peter, Paul and Mary led the crowd in chanting a single refrain over and over: "All we are saying is give peace a chance."

The rally in San Francisco was also the biggest demonstration in that city's history. At the end of the seven-



TEAR-GASSING RADICALS NEAR SOUTH VIETNAMESE EMBASSY
"Two, four, six, eight. Organize and smash the state."

1968 Chicago convention—both led by some of those now active in the New Mobe—civil disobedience was explicitly excluded from the advance plans. Further, leaders such as Pacifist David Dellinger, 54, Sociology Professor Sidney Peck, 42, and Economics Professor Douglas Dowd, 50, had sought out younger radical chiefs for assurances that there would be no provocation of the police or the military personnel assembled in Washington.

One potential source of conflict was eliminated when the organizers and the Justice Department compromised on the route of the mass march. At first, officials refused to consider Pennsylvania Avenue. After the intercession of the Federal City's mayor, Walter Washington, and assurances that the New Mobe organizers were indeed attempting to minimize trouble, Justice yielded on Pennsylvania Avenue—the capital's traditional parade route—but insisted that the line of

clined in organization, friendly in mood, it started at Arlington National Cemetery, went past the front of the White House and on to the west side of the Capitol. Walking single file and grouped by states, the protesters carried devotional candles and 24-in. by 8-in. cardboard signs, each bearing the name of a man killed in action or a Vietnamese village destroyed by the war. The candles flickering in the wind, the funeral rolling of drums, the hush over most of the line of march—but above all, the endless recitation of names of dead servicemen and gutted villages as each marcher passed the White House—were impressive drama: "Jay Dee Richter" . . . "Milford Togazzini" . . . "Vinh Linh, North Viet Nam" . . . "Joseph Y. Ramirez." At the Capitol, each sign was solemnly deposited in one of several collars, later conveyed back up Pennsylvania Avenue in the Saturday march.

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Nixon's Unsilent Supporters

*We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee.
We don't take our trips on LSD.
We don't burn our draft cards down
on Main Street,
'cause we like living right
and being free.*

THOSE defiantly straight lyrics from the ballad *Okie from Muskogee* were rendered at the Washington Monument on Veterans Day by a close-cropped country music group from rural Virginia. They were met with roaring approval by a Freedom Rally crowd of 15,000 proudly self-proclaimed "squares." Swelled in response to the President's TV appeal for "the silent majority" to speak up, the cheering anti-Moratorium demonstrators represent a fresh force in the national controversy over the war. They praise Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew, support the Government's course in Viet Nam and flaunt their patriotism. They resent, perhaps even more vehemently, all those rebellious youngsters and peace marchers who have attracted so much attention for so long.

Who are they? The Washington rally was conceived by Professor Charles Moser, faculty adviser to the Young Americans for Freedom chapter at George Washington University. Started nine years ago in Connecticut, Y.A.F. is a national organization of conservatives, mostly on campuses, devoted to "victory over rather than coexistence with" Communism. Its National Advisory Board includes such not-so-young conservatives as Senators Barry Goldwater, John Tower and Strom Thurmond.

When President Nixon invited the silent majority to express themselves, says Moser, who teaches Russian, "he got what he wanted—a visible opposition to the Moratorium crowd." But Moser hopes that Nixon may get even more than he sought. "He may have set in motion the forces that will vigorously oppose the culmination of his policies by demanding victory, not peace." Y.A.F. Director Ron Dear claims that Nixon "would not be unhappy to see his options in the war expanded by right-wing pressure—and we aim to please."

Others expressed their anti-Moratorium sentiment in individualistic ways. In Houston, Mrs. Nancy Palm, a fiery Republican county leader known to friends as "Napalm," led a drive that quickly collected more than 8,000 signatures on a pro-Nixon petition. As peace demonstrators lay prone in Manhattan's Central Park to symbolize war dead, a lone representative of "the New York Fireman's Ad Hoc Committee for Moratoriums on Moratoriums" held high a sign: STAND UP FOR AMERICA—DON'T LIE DOWN FOR THE VIET

CONG. A Los Angeles group ran an ad bannered GIVE THE QUARTERBACK A CHANCE, claiming South Viet Nam is the gridiron, Richard Nixon the quarterback, and "only one man can call signals." In Santa Cruz, Calif., Mayor Richard Werner, a 74-year-old veteran of two World Wars, ripped a Viet Cong flag off a residence whose owner made a citizen's arrest of the mayor for malicious mischief. Werner, feeling that his act was entirely justified, pleaded not guilty.

Closer to the Nixon concept of the silent majority are the promoters of National Unity Week. This move was initiated by Edmund Dombrowski, an orthopedic surgeon from Redlands, Calif.,



VETERANS DAY OBSERVANCE AT ARLINGTON
Entry points for the common man.

and led by Show Business Celebrities Bob Hope and Art Linkletter. They sent telegrams urging almost all of the nation's mayors and governors to proclaim last week as "National Unity Week" and to ask their citizens to fly the flag, turn on car headlights, leave house lights on all weekend, pray for U.S. prisoners of war and sign petitions stating: "We are proud to be Americans. We support and respect the integrity of our elected leaders." The group claims that "thousands" of mayors as well as governors of California, Michigan and Florida agreed to cooperate. The group's pro-Nixon position is explained by Hope: "If we ever let the Communists win this war, we are in great danger of fighting for the rest of our lives and losing a million kids, not just the 40,000 we've already lost."

Dombrowski, a Republican who voted for John Kennedy in 1960, had

never organized anything bigger than a Fourth of July parade. But campus and peace demonstrators made him angry. He talked to a group of high school students in Redlands about Moratorium activities and found that they did not like being pressured into an "either/or proposition; either you are for or against the war." They felt that the President was doing all he could to end the war, but they did not want to have to parade in the streets to show their support. They preferred a more modest expression of unity. Dombrowski donated \$5,000 to promote the cause, solicited another \$5,000 from Mrs. Mary Shirk, a Redlands heiress to the Kimberly-Clark fortune. He opened offices on both coasts, began distributing some 200,000 "National Unity" bumper stickers daily. "We merely want all Americans to stand up and be counted for justice, honor and integrity," he says.

More than \$500,000 worth of newspaper ads inviting readers to clip and mail coupons with statements like "Mr. President: You have my support in your efforts to bring a just and lasting peace" have been placed by United We Stand, a group organized by H. Ross Perot, 39, a Dallas millionaire. No right-winger, Perot, who heads Electronic Data Systems Corp., was inspired by a recent talk with Lyndon Johnson. "He is still deeply concerned about the war and wants peace," says Perot. "In fact, the four Presidents who have administered this war have felt it necessary to stabilize Asia. I must assume that if I knew what they know, I would have acted the same way." Perot says he would be pushing the same campaign if Hubert Humphrey were President. "Regardless of your opinion of the man, the President's power is the most effective tool for bringing about a fair peace. This is not Nixon's war, not Johnson's war; it is our war, and we can help end it."

Perot argues that Nixon's critics have quite properly developed effective ways to show their dissent, but that "the average American has no opportunity to speak out on individual issues. We simply want to give the common man an entry point into the system that overwhelms him." Perot hopes that the ads, placed in more than 100 newspapers, and a half-hour television program carried Sunday on 50 stations, will inspire what he calls "the invisible American." He is convinced that nearly all Americans are united on the need to end the war. "Some 19-year-olds went out on patrol tonight and didn't come back," he says. "I think about these guys day and night and I want to see the killing stopped." Backing the President, Perot feels, is the quickest way to achieve that.



REUTERS/WIDEWORLD
DEPOSING DEATH PLACARDS IN COFFIN
"To cry out for liberty, for freedom, for peace."

mile march from Pier 29 to Golden Gate Park, some 125,000 people had assembled. The day was entirely peaceful, though some of the talk coming from the platform was wild. The most extreme statements came from David Hilliard, a Black Panther leader who spouted obscenities and declared: "We will kill Richard Nixon! We will kill any mother — that stands in the way of our freedom!" This was too much for his listeners, who shouted him down with cries of "No! No! No!" and "Peace! Peace! Peace!" Other speakers who attacked Nixon in less virulent terms won applause. When Ralph Abernathy concluded his speech with the chant "Let there be peace now," the throng joined in.

Patriotic Mass. If Saturday belonged to members of the antiwar forces, the earlier part of the week was far more of a contest. Spurred by the example of the first Moratorium and by Nixon's pleas for support, citizens as tired of protest as they are of the war rallied during the week to the President's side. They did not capture the national imagination—or the numbers—that the antiwar movement did, but they succeeded in showing that there are still two popular sides in the debate.

Regular Veterans Day observances in cities and small towns across the country were turned into support-the-President demonstrations. In Birmingham, the observance lasted two days and produced the biggest outpouring of any demonstration in the city's memory. Activities there included a patriotic Roman Catholic Mass, a night rally and a three-mile parade that attracted 41 bands. In Pittsburgh, hundreds of spectators shouting "Hey! Hey! U.S.A.!" joined the line of march. At Phoenix Christian High School, students, alumni, teachers and assorted guests joined in a "run

for God and country." For 48 hours, participants trotted around the track in relays, logging a noncoincidental 1,776 laps, or 444 miles.

Few of the demonstrations were large. Nixon's silent Americans seem to lack the verve, organization—and spare time—of his critics. They also lack a national apparatus comparable to the Moratorium Committee and the New Mobe. Said Bob Hope, honorary chairman of National Unity Week: "It's pretty hard for good, nice people to demonstrate." Still, the antidisident faction mustered far more activity and activists than before.

One of the biggest Veterans Day expressions of support for the Administration occurred at the Washington Monument. Started by the George Washington University faculty adviser to the Young Americans for Freedom, Professor Charles Moser, and assisted by an assortment of conservatives, the Rally for Freedom attracted nearly 15,000 people. The speakers, including Senator John Tower of Texas and House Armed Services Chairman Mendel Rivers, were all far more hawkish than the President. Rivers inveighed against the "Hanoicrats" in the U.S.—his description of war critics—and called on the country to support not only their President and their servicemen but also Spiro Agnew. The crowd roared its approval as Rivers said: "You back up Spiro and he'll continue to throw it on."

Clean-Cut Victory. Many who proclaim fealty to the Administration are unreconstructed hawks who either do not realize or choose to ignore the fact that Nixon is determined to disengage from Viet Nam. In New Orleans, Randolph Dennis, chairman of Operation Speak Out, sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, exhorted listeners to "move on to some positive, two-fisted, basic patriotic Americanism" and to work for "a conclusive, clean-cut victory against the sworn enemies of freedom." Others desperately want out of Viet Nam but cannot abide the notion of admitting defeat.

Two unifying factors bind Nixon's constituency on this issue: traditional loyalty to flag and President and ever-growing disgust with dissent. In Medford, Mass., Fred Wehage, '75, a World War I veteran, said: "The war in Viet Nam was all wrong to begin with, but there is no way we can get out. I didn't vote for Nixon, but we've got to support him now." Bob Steffenaier, 46, owns a restaurant in Pleasanton, Calif., and recently welcomed his son back from Viet Nam. He counts himself a Kennedy Democrat but says that some protest leaders "want to subvert Government policy and sink this country. I know Nixon is right in what he's doing." The antiwar protesters are, of course, just as convinced that Nixon is wrong. In the middle are perhaps most Americans—the true silent majority—who are simply on the side of an end to the war in a fashion that will not dishonor or embitter the U.S.

CRIME

They Bombed in New York

The two FBI agents, dressed in chinos and sweaters, entered the shabby air-conditioning repair shop and arranged to take it over for the day. Scratching peepholes in the painted-over storefront window, they squinted patiently at the doorway across the East Village street. Pasted next to the peepholes were pictures of the suspects, some snapped surreptitiously at peace rallies by other FBI agents in the guise of press photographers. A crackling radio brought terse reports from about a dozen other teams staked out near by. Finally the agents spotted their prey and set a drag-net into operation.

Health Faddist. The stakeout last week came after four dynamite blasts within two days rocked New York City's Chase Manhattan Bank headquarters, the RCA Building, the new General Motors Corp. offices and the Criminal Courts Building. With New Yorkers on edge and the city's twelve-man bomb squad in a "state of exhaustion," the FBI taunted its suspects to a mid-Manhattan armory where agents witnessed two men place four time bombs in a National Guard truck. Arrested and charged with conspiring to damage Government property were Samuel Melville, 34, a health faddist and sometime plumbing engineer, and George Demmerle, 39, an itinerant diemaker.

The FBI net then closed on two alleged accomplices. One of them was pretty Jane Alpert, 22, whose soft voice and gentle manner reflected her Quaker education at Swarthmore College. Her writings in the underground newspaper *Rat* were something else. A mem-



ALPERT UNDER ARREST
Target in the Establishment.

ber of the radical Women's Liberation movement, she described marriage as a "corrupt institution" and opposed the Pledge of Allegiance in schools. "My old man" is what Jane usually called John D. Hughey III, 22, who shared a Village tenement flat with her and was also accused in the bombings.

The FBI was also seeking 22-year-old Pat Swinton, an advertising manager for *Rat* and a researcher for a leftist organization called the North American Congress on Latin America. In addition, there were said to be ten other unnamed suspects at large.

The break in the bombings case came last month when the Royal Canadian Mounted Police asked the FBI to put Melville under surveillance. He was suspected of having a part in several Canadian political bombings. Next the FBI infiltrated Melville's New York organization with a "reliable" informant who, said U.S. Attorney Robert M. Morgenthau, "places the defendants at the very heart of the conspiracy."

Since July, when the first blast rocked a United Fruit Co. pier on the Hudson River, there have been eight dynamitings. Before each explosion, the bombers called guards in the targeted buildings, warning them to clear the area, and also informed the news media. Though no deaths resulted, there was one near miss. In August, a blast in a Broadway trust company injured 17 people. Some might have been killed, but all were partially shielded by a two-ton computer, which was moved two feet by the detonation of 24 dynamite sticks.

The final flurry of bombings, coming as they did on the eve of the three-day peace demonstrations, seemed to link the suspects with antiwar groups. Though their targets did at one time include an induction center, the FBI emphatically denied any tie between the group and the antiwar activities. Viet Nam was only one of the group's many grievances. More important in the bombers' thinking was the so-called Establishment in all its guises.

Power Destroys. The group explained their motives in a letter to U.P.I. delivered last week after they had bombed the three corporation headquarters. The letter called the Viet Nam war "only the most obvious evidence of the way this country's power destroys people." The "giant corporations" are the real culprits. "Spiro Agnew may be a household word," they wrote, "but it [the public] has rarely seen men like David Rockefeller of Chase Manhattan, James Roche of General Motors and Michael Haider of Standard Oil, who run the system behind the scenes."

The letter proclaimed that the U.S. "empire" is breaking up because of revolutions abroad and at home, where blacks are now being joined by "white Americans striking blows for liberation." U.S. Attorney Morgenthau summed up: The defendants have "anarchical mentalities" that totally reject "civilized standards of behavior."



WILLY & MARILYN ROHS, 1969

Despite all the wounds, each was identified in turn.



EDWARD JOHNSON



WILLIE SMITH

Death for a Family

Summoned to a west-end St. Louis apartment house earlier this month, police found Mrs. Hermine Rohs, 60, and her son Willy, 23, brutally slain. Both had been stripped naked, had their hands bound and been stabbed to death. Willy's wife, Marilyn Rohs, 23, had been knifed in the neck, back and abdomen. Although her vocal cords were severed by a knife slash in her throat, Marilyn Rohs had managed to call the police. Five months pregnant, the young woman had been raped twice. Soon after the assault, the baby was born dead. Last week the mother also died.

Stunned by the savagery of the four murders, St. Louis police were quick to arrest two suspects: Edward Johnson, 29, a 6-ft., 9-in. plumber's laborer, and a friend, Willie J. Smith, 28. According to Smith, the men met the night of the murder in the Fat Black Pussy Cat Lounge, where Johnson asked his friend to help him "go collect some money." Smith told police that he was carrying a .32-cal. revolver and asserted that Johnson wielded a hunting knife. They went to the Hermine Rohs apartment, where, said Smith, Johnson had done a repair job. As soon as they were let in, they began ransacking the apartment.

Then, related Smith, Mrs. Rohs' son Willy and his wife arrived, and were admitted by Johnson at knife point. All three victims were forced by the intruders to strip. Then Rohs was ordered to perform sexual intercourse with his mother. He refused, and both he and his mother were murdered.

Marilyn Rohs was taken into another room and raped twice. As they were leaving, said Smith, Johnson suddenly stabbed the young woman. "What did you do that for?" Smith said he asked Johnson. "Because she knows who

I am," was the reply. Johnson was right. Despite her wounds, Marilyn Rohs informed police that she thought she could identify her assailants, especially the tall one. She mentioned a plumber who had done work at the Rohs apartment, and a search there uncovered a receipt for plumbing work signed by Johnson. He was picked up, and his arrest led police to Smith. Separately, the two suspects were brought to Marilyn Rohs' hospital bed, where she identified each in turn. Although Marilyn Rohs is now dead, her identification may help convict her accused killers.

Since being arrested, Johnson has made several half-hearted attempts to commit suicide. But despite his plight, Johnson seems almost as concerned about his image in the community as about the charges against him. When he was arrested, Johnson objected to six plainclothes police officers' being sent to pick him up. What would the neighbors think, complained Johnson, seeing all those cops at his house?

SAFETY

Sharp, Hot Toys

Just in time for Christmas, President Nixon last week signed the Child Protection Act of 1969, a new law giving the Government the right to ban toys that pose "electrical, mechanical or thermal" hazards to youngsters. Now the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare will be able to banish from the market such presently available items as a blowgun that allows the darts to be inhaled, a soldering set that exposes a child to molten lead, a tot-sized cook-stove generating heat up to 600°, an electric iron with inadequate grounding, a catapult device launching a bird with a sharp beak, and furry animals whose ears attach by long metal pins.

THE MOON

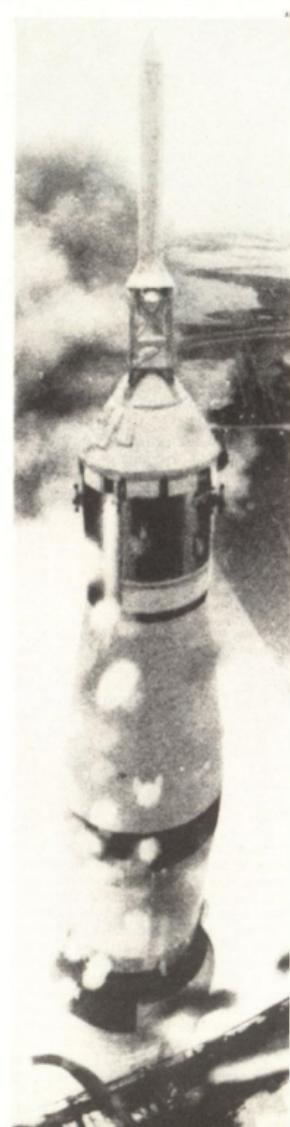
Toward the Ocean of Storms

EARLIER in the week, a liquid-hydrogen fuel tank had sprung a leak and threatened to delay the launch. Now, less than an hour before the late-morning blast-off, dark clouds rolled ominously across the last patches of blue in the Florida sky; a drizzling rain turned into a heavy downpour that virtually blotted pad 39A from view. But NASA officials, buoyed by a long string of space successes, were undaunted by the dangerous omens. The order was given to proceed. More reliable than any commuter train, the 11:22 moon rocket departed from Cape Kennedy. It was on schedule to the split second.

Roaring upward into a dense cloud bank, Apollo 12 disappeared from view almost immediately, its trail outlined by twin lightning flashes. As President Nixon watched open-mouthed among the drenched and awe-struck spectators, Astronaut Charles ("Pete") Conrad radioed back reassuring words: "This baby is really going."

Seconds later everyone wondered where. "I don't know what happened here," Conrad said excitedly. "We had everything in the world drop out." Inside the spacecraft, as it passed through the dark clouds, Astronauts Conrad, Richard Gordon and Alan Bean had been bathed in a sudden, brilliant flash. Immediately, red and yellow warning lights began blinking on the command module's instrument panels. All three fuel cells had stopped working; alternating-current circuits were dead, and the electrically operated gyroscopic platform that allows the astronauts to measure their attitude and velocity was tumbling out of control. There had been a massive power failure.

Mysterious Surge. The danger lasted for only a fraction of a second. As soon as the A.C. circuit failed, three batteries delivering direct current took over automatically, bringing the Apollo spacecraft's vital systems back to life. Meanwhile, the mighty Saturn rocket was blasting away unaffected, lifting the astronauts toward orbit. After quickly resetting circuit breakers that had been sprung by a mysterious surge of current, the astronauts managed to restore A.C. power. "We're weeding out our problems here," Conrad reported calmly. "I'm not sure we didn't get hit by lightning." Neither were NASA scientists. But later, they suggested instead that Apollo had created its own lightning: static electricity built up by its passage through the rain clouds had suddenly discharged, knocking out the spacecraft power supply in the process. "I think we need to do a little more all-weather testing," joked Conrad. Replied Mission Control: "We've had a couple of cardiac arrests down here too, Pete."



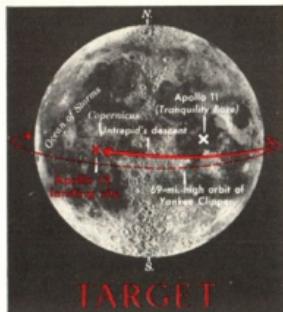
APOLLO 12 AT TAKEOFF

Despite the brief blackout, the spacecraft hurtled into a nearly perfect 118-mile-high earth orbit. By testing the spacecraft's navigational and guidance computers, the astronauts confirmed that the instruments had been left unscathed by the power surge. Halfway through the second revolution, after ground controllers were assured that Apollo was in perfect shape, Conrad fired the third stage S-4B rocket. The 54-minute burn increased the spacecraft's speed to 24,100 m.p.h., lifted it from orbit and sent it on its way to the moon. Said Conrad: "Everything is tickety-boo."

A short time later, the command ship *Yankee Clipper* separated faultlessly from the S-4B, turned to dock with the lunar module *Intrepid* and extract it from the rocket's nose. Locked together, the two craft proceeded on a long coast to the moon. Before they bedded down for their first night in space, Conrad and Bean made an unscheduled inspection of *Intrepid* while Astronaut Gordon remained at the controls of the command module. To their relief, the LM's electronic gear had also withstood the sudden pulse of current. By now the astronauts were in such high spirits that they asked Mission Control to replay the tense communications of the first few seconds. "We're still laughing, trying to remember what we said and did," said Conrad.

Additional Risks. If all continued to go well, the mission would take ten days—two days more than the voyage of Apollo 11. Conrad would attempt a pinpoint landing only a few hundred feet from the resting place of Surveyor 3, the unmanned moon probe that soft-landed on the lunar surface April 19, 1967. He and Bean would stroll for as long as 7½ hours on the moon and collect up to 75 lbs. of lunar rock. Most important, Apollo 12 would leave behind a more sophisticated array of sensitive instruments than those left by Apollo 11. Powered by a nuclear generator, the Apollo 12 package would give scientists their first continuously operating observatory on another world. And there was an additional bonus: the first color telecasts from the surface of the moon.

There were also additional risks. Apollo 12, like Apollo 11 and 10, started its space voyage on a "free return" trajectory toward the moon. In the event of engine failure, such a path would allow the spacecraft to be whipped around the moon by lunar gravity and hurled back safely to the earth. Some 31 hours after lift-off, however, Apollo 12's situation was changed drastically. Conrad fired the 20,500-lb.-thrust service propulsion engine and sent his ship into a "hybrid" trajectory. The new flight path was necessary to set the as-



TARGET

LANDING APPROACH



APOLLO 12 MOON BASE

Symbols are shown twice size. All distances shown on model of landing site are in true scale.

Astronauts down at their landing site on the Ocean of Storms at the right time of lunar day. On this course, too, Apollo could loop the moon and head back if its big engine failed to fire again. But, even so, it might miss the earth by 56,000 miles, marooning the astronauts in eternal orbit around the sun.

As it approached the moon early this week, Apollo 12 was scheduled to insert itself into a nearly circular orbit about 69 miles above the lunar surface. Conrad and Bean would then crawl through the tunnel leading from *Yankee Clipper* into *Intrepid* and east off in the landing craft, leaving Gordon to guide the command ship through 19 solo orbits of the moon. Early Wednesday the two men would begin the gentle, arcing descent to the lunar surface.

To hit Apollo 12's target, *Intrepid*

must set down just east of the Surveyor Crater's edge. Conrad will probably not be able to see the Surveyor as he swoops down, for the craft will be in the deep shadow of early lunar morning. But he should have little difficulty spotting the Surveyor Crater. It forms the torso of what astronauts call the "Snowman," a distinctive cluster of five adjacent craters.

Exquisite Precision. More than pride is involved in the accomplishment of a pinpoint landing. If *Intrepid* touches down too far from its target crater, Conrad and Bean may not have enough oxygen in their back-up life-support packs for the planned walk to the Surveyor spacecraft. An inaccurate landing would also affect plans for next spring's scheduled Apollo 13 visit to a highlands area near Crater Fra Mauro. Before as-

tronauts risk landing in such a rugged area, NASA officials must be convinced that a lunar module can be set down on a selected segment of the lunar surface with exquisite precision.

Four hours after Wednesday's early-morning touchdown, Conrad will swing open *Intrepid*'s small hatch. Backing out on his hands and knees, he will tug a small ring to open an equipment bay on the LM and expose a 12-lb. color-TV camera aimed at the spacecraft ladder. While a TV audience of millions watches, Conrad will descend to become the third mortal to step onto another world.

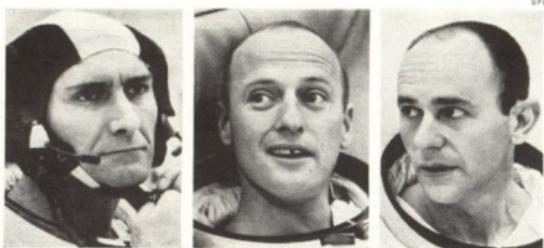
Bean will emerge about 35 minutes later to join his skipper in preliminary chores. Together they will set up a large, umbrella-shaped S-band antenna (for better TV transmissions), place

the TV camera on a tripod about 20 ft. from the LM, unfurl a solar wind experiment to trap high-speed particles from the sun on aluminum foil, and—in the only ceremony planned for the mission—plant a U.S. flag.

Bean will lug Apollo 12's Lunar Surface Experiments Package (ALSEP) to a site up to 1,000 ft. from *Intrepid*. There the two astronauts will spend an hour setting up five elaborate devices that will test the moon's tenuous atmosphere, measure magnetic fields and also study particles from the sun.

The ALSEP package, as well as the no-nonsense, efficient schedule planned for

Conrad and Bean on the surface of the moon, should help appease some scientists who have become increasingly critical of NASA's space program. Several scientists have recently quit the space agency, charging that it is emphasizing technology at the expense of scientific investigation. Only last week, in fact, a presidential panel complained that NASA has not yet done enough research on man's capability to operate for long periods of time in space. Bean seemed anxious to stress that NASA was aware of the gathering criticism. On the Apollo 12 mission, he said, "the name of the game is exploration."



GORDON

CONRAD

BEAN

Blithe Spirits in Space

Unlike the relatively taciturn astronauts of Apollo 11, the Apollo 12 crew members are lighthearted, talkative men, as willing to banter as debate trajectories. The all-Navy crew:

Charles ("Pete") Conrad Jr., 39, commander U.S.N., Apollo 12's skipper, is the son of a Philadelphia investment banker and a graduate of Princeton University who displays no trace of Main Line reserve. He is an inveterate joke teller, likes to whistle through the gap between his front teeth and listens for hours to country-and-Western music. At 5 ft. 6½ in. he is the second shortest of the astronauts. A pilot since the age of 14, he is still fascinated with flying, particularly acrobatics (he was stunting in a jet over Florida only two days before the launch). In 1966, he commanded a three-day Gemini flight that soared to a then record altitude of 850 miles. Totally immersed in the space program, he feels no envy of the astronauts who have quit for more lucrative callings. "I don't want to be president of a company or run for politics or be an engineering manager," he says. Conrad is married and the father of four boys.

Richard F. Gordon Jr., 40, commander U.S.N., is an old buddy of Conrad's and only slightly less of an extravert. Born in Seattle, he was one of six children of a Roman Catholic family. As a boy, he thought of

entering the priesthood. Later, at the University of Washington, he majored in chemistry, toyed with the idea of becoming a professional baseball player, and finally decided to become a dentist. Then came the Korean War, and he signed up as a naval aviator. He was hooked on flying for good. Intensely competitive, he does not relish the idea of remaining behind in the command module while his two crew mates step on the surface of the moon but seems to have cheerfully resigned himself to his assignment ("My responsibility is second only to Pete's"). He and his wife have more children than any other astronaut family: four boys and two girls.

Alan L. Bean, 37, lieutenant commander U.S.N., a space rookie, is the most serious of the Apollo 12 astronauts. A devout Methodist, he carried a church banner covered with such Christian symbols as a fish and chalice aboard *Yankee Clipper*. At the University of Texas, which he attended on a Navy scholarship, Texas-born Bean made the wrestling and gymnastic teams and met his wife Sue, a college tumbler. Like most of the astronauts, he likes to exercise (his favorite sport: surfing in the Gulf of Mexico). Calm, self-possessed and straightforward, he trained patiently for six years for his first space flight. He and his wife have two children.

In the final hours of their first EVA (extravehicular activity), the astronauts will collect rocks and try to obtain a 15-in. core of the lunar soil. One prize that geologists hope they will bring home: some of the debris showered on the landing site billions of years ago when a huge meteor gouged out the crater Copernicus, 230 miles to the north. That may well be possible. A three-mile-wide "ray" of material apparently ejected from Copernicus cuts directly through Apollo 12's base at the Ocean of Storms.

Back inside *Intrepid*, Conrad and Bean will sleep up to nine hours, stretched on hammocks in their cramped cabin. Early Thursday morning they will begin their second lunar stroll. Toting a large collection bag and a handful of rock-collecting tools, Conrad and Bean will take a zigzagging geological tour. They will photograph and pick up more rocks, take another core sample, scoop up several inches of dirt to expose the lunar subsurface, and try to collect any gases that might be trapped there. Throughout the walk, the astronauts will be watched carefully via TV and coached by geologists in Mission Control's science support room. Two hours later, Conrad and Bean should be ready for the climax of their adventure.

Using a skier's toots-out herringbone stride, Bean will venture down a 14° incline into the crater to examine Surveyor. If Bean has no difficulties, Conrad will join him in inspecting and photographing the craft. The astronauts will try to remove several Surveyor parts, including its 17-lb. TV camera. Studying the wear on those samples from solar wind or micrometeorite bombardment would help NASA design future lunar equipment.

Chance of Life. At the end of a 3½ hr. stay on the moon, Conrad and Bean will blast off in *Intrepid's* ascent stage to rejoin Gordon in the orbiting *Yankee Clipper*. Back aboard the mother ship, they will undock *Intrepid* and send it crashing into the moon about five miles from the Ocean of Storms base. Not only will that maneuver eliminate a navigation hazard for future flights (*Eagle* is still in lunar orbit), but it will also make enough of an impact to let earthbound scientists calibrate the seismometer that *Intrepid* left behind. The *Yankee Clipper* will remain in lunar orbit until Friday afternoon, allowing the astronauts time to photograph the craters Fra Mauro, Lalande and DesCartes—all possible landing sites for the eight future Apollo missions.

After a three-day return trip, *Yankee Clipper* will splash down on Monday afternoon, Nov. 24, in the South Pacific, 525 miles east of Samoa. But like the Apollo 11 astronauts before them, Conrad, Bean and Gordon will have to delay celebrating their homecoming. Still not certain that the moon is lifeless, NASA scientists will keep the astronauts in quarantine for 17 days after their return.

"That hostess had more patience than me. And they were my kids."

We found this message on the back of a ballot in the bonus box at Kennedy Airport.

And in the past five months, we've gotten over half a million other nice

comments just like it from passengers all over the world.

Which proves something to us about our million dollar bonus.

It's working.



**TWA
Our million dollar bonus.
It's working.**

The Continental Mark III

What makes this the most authoritatively styled, decisively individual motorcar of its generation?

Everything about the Continental Mark III is distinctive.

The styling, the luxury, the ride.

Power front disc brakes are standard. So is Sure Track, the first computer-controlled anti-skid braking system.

Standard, too, are the Michelin steel belted tires, designed

to give substantially increased tread mileage. The engine, 460 cubic-inch V-8 in a great deep-breathing design, is unrivaled for its responsive power. The timepiece is not a clock at all, but a true chronometer from the famous jeweler, Cartier.

Your Lincoln-Mercury dealer invites you to drive the Continental Mark III at your convenience.



LINCOLN-MERCURY



THE WORLD

THE START OF SALT

We must make a determined effort not only to limit the buildup of strategic arms, but to reverse it.

—Richard Nixon

A positive outcome of the talks would undoubtedly help improve Soviet-American relations and preserve and strengthen the peace.

—Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny

WITH suitable benedictions from their leaders and the best wishes of peaceful men everywhere, U.S. and Russian negotiators this week meet in Helsinki. They are coming to the Finnish capital to start talks on the most vital and sensitive disarmament issue ever negotiated between the two sides. The object of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) is to find a way for both sides to agree on a plan that will limit, and perhaps some day reduce their vast nuclear arsenals.

In 1963, the U.S. and Soviets agreed on a limited test-ban treaty that halted their nuclear tests in the atmosphere, thus reducing the worldwide peril from radioactive fallout. In 1968, they jointly backed the nonproliferation treaty aimed at halting the spread of atomic weaponry beyond the present five nuclear powers (Britain, China and France in addition to the U.S. and U.S.S.R.). The U.S. and the Soviet Union also signed treaties that ban nuclear weapons from outer space and from Antarctica, and they have drawn up one protecting the ocean floor. Yet not until now have the two superpowers touched upon the most fundamental nuclear threat, which is their own armories.

President Johnson had hoped to start

arms-reduction talks with the Soviets in the summer of 1968. He was forced to cancel the discussions because of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. For months President Nixon has pushed for the start of nuclear negotiations, but the Soviets demurred. On a visit to the U.S. last month, Soviet Physicist Pyotr L. Kapitsa, by speaking out against ABMs, indicated that Russia was having much the same sort of squeamishness hawks and doves over the issue of arms limitation that has been going on in the U.S.

One reason why both sides were eager to start at this particular time is that the superpowers have reached a delicate balance of terror. After a crash program to install more SS-9 and SS-11 land-based missiles, the Soviets apparently feel that they have reached parity with the U.S. Even so, each side realizes that it does not possess sufficient first-strike power to render the other side incapable of a nuclear riposte that would gravely damage the attacker. The Soviets have about 1,350 land-based intercontinental missiles, compared with 1,054 U.S. ICBMs. The Russian missiles are larger, but the U.S.'s are more accurate. While the U.S. has 41 Polaris submarines, each of which carries 16 missiles, Russia has a fleet of only nine such submarines. The U.S. has nearly 600 strategic bombers v. 150 Russian planes. The two powers have thus achieved a nuclear standoff in which the U.S. has more warheads, while the Soviets lead in megatonnage.

Behind SALT is the urgency to achieve a halt in the development of nuclear weaponry before one side or the other achieves another technical breakthrough

that will start a new spiral in the arms race. Both are now working on MIRVs, missiles carrying clusters of independently targetable warheads, which would multiply the destructive ability of each ICBM. The U.S. is probably ahead in MIRV development and could deploy the weapon by late 1970. In ABM, on the other hand, the Soviet Union has ringed Moscow with some missiles, while the U.S. is still in the research stage on its Safeguard ABM system.

American Caution. The two negotiating teams will meet alternately at the U.S. and Soviet embassies in Helsinki. No agenda has been fixed for the talks. There was some speculation that the Soviets might make a bold proposal, such as an immediate freeze on the development and deployment of nuclear weaponry. The American team is definitely under instructions to proceed cautiously and try to find out what the other side has in mind before making any offers of its own.

U.S. caution is a product of the long debate over the desirability of offering any concessions to the Soviets. As justification for its ABM program and for the testing and deployment of MIRVs, the Pentagon insists that the Soviets are striving for a first-strike superiority in missiles rather than simple parity with the U.S. On the other hand, as the U.S. delegates were about to leave for Helsinki, Secretary of State Rogers delivered a speech that had full White House approval. In a rebuttal of the Pentagon point of view, Rogers said: "The risks in seeking an agreement seem to be manageable, insurable and reasonable ones to run. They seem less dangerous than the risk of open-ended arms



U.S. DELEGATE SMITH



"SHALL WE ALL AGREE THAT
THERE IS NO HURRY?"



SOVIET DELEGATE SEMYONOV

competition." Some members of Congress have also urged immediate cutbacks. Senator Edmund Muskie last week reiterated a demand for a six-month unilateral halt in testing. Meanwhile Senator Edward Brooke has collected 42 Senate signatures on a resolution urging a mutual test halt.

Guarded Forecasts. Both sides have topflight delegations. The six-man Soviet team is led by Deputy Foreign Minister Vladimir Semenov, 58, the No. 3 man in the Soviet foreign office. His chief political aide is Georgy Kornienko, a Russian "America watcher." The others are scientists and generals. In view of the Soviet fetish for secrecy, the appearance of technicians in Helsinki was taken by some Westerners as an indication that the Kremlin plans to bar gain seriously.

The U.S. delegation is equally professional. Heading it is Gerard C. Smith, 55, Nixon's choice for Director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Smith is a Republican lawyer who went to work for the Atomic Energy Commission during the Eisenhower Administration, later became John Foster Dulles' special assistant for atomic affairs. The group also includes Arms Control Deputy Director Philip J. Farley, 53, former Deputy Defense Secretary Paul H. Nitze, 62, and Physicist Harold Brown, 42, who was Johnson's Air Force Secretary. The political adviser is Llewellyn E. Thompson Jr., 65, twice ambassador to Moscow and now Washington's ablest interpreter of Russian moods and nuances.

The American delegation will stay at a resort hotel called Fisherman's Hut, which overlooks the Bay of Finland. At present, the Americans hope to probe Soviet intentions for a couple of weeks and then return to Washington for instructions before serious talks.

Disarmament experts make only guarded estimates about how long it might take to reach an arms agreement—if indeed it can be reached at all. Though there are compelling reasons for a relatively rapid progress in SALT, experienced negotiators point out that the nonproliferation treaty, which was not nearly so complicated, consumed some four years of negotiation.

West Germany's Chancellor Willy Brandt last week pledged that he would sign the nonproliferation treaty this week. West Germany will be the 92nd nation to put its signature to the treaty requiring nuclear have-not nations to refrain from developing atomic weapons. Since West Germany is the most important of the "threshold nations" that could develop nuclear weaponry, the hope was that Bonn's action would spur other nations to sign the treaty. The results were mixed. While the Japanese said they would eventually sign up, the Indians still refused on the grounds that the treaty would prevent them from developing nuclear energy for peaceful purposes through their own efforts.

RUSSIA Courageous Defender

*No one can bar the road to truth,
and to advance its cause I'm ready to accept even death.*

—Alexander Solzhenitsyn (1967)

In the face of official Soviet persecution, Russia's greatest living writer remains true to his credo. Last week the clandestine texts became available of Solzhenitsyn's statements before a committee of literary bureaucrats who sought to expel him from the local branch of the Soviet Writers Union in the town of Ryazan, 115 miles south-



SOLZHENITSYN (TIME COVER, SEPT. 27, 1968)

True to his credo.

east of Moscow. "I am ready to accept even death, not only expulsion from the union," he told his accusers, who charge him with allowing his books to be published in the West. "Vote! You can vote. You are in the majority. But remember: the annals of our literature will still have something to say about today's meeting."

Stalinist Crimes. Solzhenitsyn spoke in his own defense at the Ryazan meeting, which took place two weeks ago. The leader of the attack on Solzhenitsyn was a hack writer named Vasily Matushkin. He conceded that he had never read Solzhenitsyn's novels *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward*, which are banned in the Soviet Union because they are a devastating portrayal of conditions in Stalin's concentration camps. Matushkin, however, contended that the West uses the books "to throw mud on our motherland." "How do you explain that they so eagerly print you in the West?" he asked. "And how do you explain that they obstinately refuse to publish

me in my own country?" retorted Solzhenitsyn, who insisted that he had forbidden the appearance of his works in the West. He added that "we cannot keep silent forever about the crimes of Stalin. These are crimes against millions and they cry out to be exposed. To pretend that they did not exist is to pervert millions of others."

Literary Unperson. The local union expelled him anyhow, and last week the executive committee of the Russian Writers Union in Moscow confirmed the expulsion order. As a result, Solzhenitsyn has become an unperson in the Soviet literary community. He is deprived of all the perquisites of union membership, including loans for needy writers, the use of vacation retreats, and freedom to establish residence anywhere in the Soviet Union. He is, in effect, no longer able to earn his living as an intellectual. There is widespread apprehension in Moscow that he may be confined to an insane asylum, if he continues to speak out.

After the confirmation of his ouster, which was reportedly approved by the Politburo, Solzhenitsyn sent an open letter to the union in Moscow. "Wipe the dust off your watches," he wrote. "They are running centuries behind the times. Throw open your beloved heavy curtains. You do not even suspect that the dawn has risen outside." He continued: "Hate, even racist hate, has become the sterile atmosphere in which you live. In this way, all sense of the oneness of mankind is vanishing, and this can only speed it toward its doom. It is time to remember that we belong first of all to mankind. Man is distinguished from the animal world by thought and by speech, which are free by nature. If these are suppressed, we become animals again. Free speech is the first requirement for the health of every society, including ours. He who does not want free speech for our country does not wish to heal it of its sickness, but only to drive it underground where it will fester."

The Wall: Defecting Guards

To reduce the opportunity for escape to the West, East German guards at the Wall are required to patrol in pairs. Last week, however, a 19-year-old corporal grabbed his companion's carbine and pulled out the firing mechanism. As his astonished comrade watched helplessly, the young East German gingerly made his way over tank traps, trip wires, and a 10-ft. spiked fence to freedom in the British sector of West Berlin. He was the 2,183rd uniformed East German to defect since the erection of the Wall in 1961.



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INDIA

Two Parties Face to Face

For months, India's long-ruling Congress Party has been racked by severe quarrels. Last week the party split into two rival groups, each of which claimed to be the legitimate party. One group was led by the old-line bosses, who are known collectively as the Syndicate. The other pledged its allegiance to Indira Gandhi. Under most circumstances a split in the Congress Party, whose unity in the past has helped hold the diversified country together, might have had grave effects on India's stability. As it turned out, Indira carried such a

about 220 of the Congress Party's 282 M.P.s gathered in the high-domed Central Hall of the Parliament building. A slogan greeted her: "A new light has dawned—Indira has come." In response to the thunderous welcoming ovation, Indira, who wore a brown and red sari, folded her hands in the prayer-like Indian gesture of *namaste*. She pledged to "rededicate myself, to rally the people to the cause of socialism and democracy and to rejuvenate the Congress." "The Congress Party has passed through many crises," added Indira. "We shall pass through this crisis also."

Her chief supporter, Home Minister Y. B. Chavan, put the entire blame on

Party. The most likely leader of the Syndicate's Congress wing is Dr. Ram Sutbhag Singh, 52, whom Indira fired two weeks ago as Railways Minister because of his association with her rivals. It was even possible that Indira and her backers might move to read the Syndicate bosses and their supporters out of the Congress Party.

Indira was probably happy to be rid of the conservative bosses, whom she blames for the party's decline. "The people are clamoring for a faster pace," she said recently. "Congress has not been keeping pace with the changing times and the new generation." Free of the foot dragging of the Syndicate, which is composed largely of aging men, Indira now has the opportunity to mold the party into a more attractive—and constructive—political force.

New Zealand: Volunteers All

When an opposition politician demanded, "Have the boys home by Christmas," New Zealand's Prime Minister Keith Holyoake replied it was beyond his power. If he tried to withdraw the country's 560 combat men from Viet Nam, he declared, many of them would resign and join U.S. or Australian units in order to carry on the fight. "The important thing is, the boys do not want to come home. Every New Zealander in Viet Nam is a volunteer."

JAPAN

Hostile Send-Off

As he arrives in Washington this week for talks with President Nixon, Japanese Premier Eisaku Sato has one item at the top of his agenda: Okinawa. Because of intense antiwar sentiment and rising nationalism the island has become an explosive issue in Japan. Sato hopes to get back Okinawa and the entire Ryukyu island chain, which the U.S. captured from Japan in 1945.

Aware of Sato's domestic difficulties, the U.S. is prepared to offer to turn the islands over to Japan by 1972, giving up the U.S. right to store nuclear weapons there but retaining the bases, which are vital to the American defense system in the Pacific. Such an agreement will not satisfy Sato's foes at home. Demanding nothing less than the immediate and unconditional return of Okinawa, 146 Japanese and Okinawan leftist intellectuals charged that Sato's trip was a cover-up for a U.S. military buildup on the island.

As a warning to Sato not to accept the U.S. proposal, Japanese students and workers threw bombs at U.S. installations, battled police in clashes that left at least one dead, 40 injured and more than 400 arrested. In an attempt to prevent Sato's plane from taking off, the demonstrators converged on Tokyo from all over the country, forcing the government to assign 22,000 riot and special police to guarantee that the Premier could take off safely for his flight to the U.S.



INDIRA'S SUPPORTERS IN NEW DELHI
Victory with hardly a tremor.

large part of the party with her that the country hardly felt a tremor.

The split itself was triggered by a power struggle. Angered by Indira's attempts to oust them from control of the party machinery, the bosses took an unusual step. After frenzied discussions, they expelled Prime Minister Gandhi from Congress for refusing to obey party discipline. Accusing Indira of encouraging a "personality cult" that is threatening democracy in the organization, they called upon the party to elect a new government leader.

Test of Strength. Indira, who is a highly skilled political tactician, fought back. On the same day, after a 90-minute meeting with Indira, her chief supporters issued a statement that branded the Syndicate's action as illegal. Said Indira's backers: "Democracy and discipline within the Congress Party organization have been reduced to a mockery by a small coterie equating itself to the entire organization."

The test of strength came within 48 hours. In an outpouring of support,

the Syndicate for splitting the party, and Food Minister Jagjivan Ram exhorted Indira's supporters to keep up their attendance at the Parliament. Though the party split leaves Indira some 40 seats short of a majority in the Lok Sabha (lower house of Parliament), she intends to try to remain in power. For the time being, at least, she seems assured of sufficient support. She commands the backing of the 25 members of the Dravidian Advancement Party, a regional grouping that seeks south Indian independence. She also has the support of 23 independents. If these pledges hold—as expected—Indira will not have to rely on the Communist votes to remain in power, and her minority government is given an even chance of surviving until the next national elections scheduled for 1972.

The 60 or so M.P.s who support the Syndicate cause plan this week to take their places on opposition benches. There was a strong probability that they would form an alliance with the 42 delegates of the free-enterprising Swatantra

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THE PHILIPPINES

Victory for Marcos

In their 23 years of independence, the Philippines have had six Presidents— one for each four-year term. The country's politics are intertwined with corruption and crime. Chief executives have been unable to keep their extravagant campaign promises, and public resentment has made second terms out of the question. Last week, in an abrupt departure from Philippine practice, Ferdinand Marcos was elected to his second term as President.

The victory was as much a product of Marcos' own political talents as of a fundamental change in the country's political temperament. In an effort to discourage the violence that customarily erupts at election time, mothers and priests stood guard at many of the polling places, and liquor sales were forbidden for a week beforehand. Even so, rival private armies, which Filipinos call "goontabularies" in a play on the word constabulary, prowled the country. A number of intimidated election officials resigned or disappeared, and about 50 people died in shoot-outs.

Almost Too Good. The final results may not be tabulated for weeks. But incomplete returns show Marcos and his Nacionalista Party beating Liberal Party Candidate Sergio Osmeña Jr. by perhaps 1,700,000 out of 7,000,000 votes counted so far. The scope of Marcos' victory was almost embarrassing. As he met with his supporters in Malacañang Palace to claim victory late in the evening of election day, he was leading in every single precinct then reporting. "How can that be?" complained Osmeña. "This is the dirtiest election we have ever had."

No doubt some of Marcos' supporters were indeed overly enthusiastic in helping

ing their candidate. A number of ballot boxes were still missing days after the election, and a few election officials were still in hiding. But Marcos would have won anyway. As a campaigner, he had the war record (27 medals in World War II), the necessary transportation (he used a squadron of Philippine air force planes) and the crowd-pleasing, youthful good looks (which he preserves with a largely vegetarian diet and frequent yoga exercises).

Ungallant Behavior. By contrast, Osmeña, a second-term Senator, is a frail, shy man, who was once accused (though later exonerated) of wartime collaboration with the Japanese. While Osmeña stressed the need for strong ties with the U.S., Marcos, who senses his people's resentment at being regarded by other Asians as the U.S.'s "little brown brothers," emphasized the need for the Philippines to become more assertive and active in Asian affairs. Marcos also managed easily to shrug off Osmeña's charges of corruption in his government. "I would not lie to you and say there is no corruption, but it is being reduced to a minimum," he said in his campaign speeches. When Osmeña indiscreetly charged that Marcos' beautiful wife Imelda owns "the largest gem collection in Asia," Filipinos felt he was being ungentlemanlike.

Marcos has been running for re-election ever since he took office in 1966. Concentrating on urgently needed domestic programs, he built 8,000 miles of roads, which was more than the total road construction in the country's history. He also put up 43,000 school buildings and irrigated 300,000 hectares of land. He showed his keen appreciation of the impact of a peso well spent. In his first year in office, he pushed for the passage of a local improvement fund of more than 200 million pesos

BEN MARTIN



MARCOS CAMPAIGNING
Search for Asian answers.

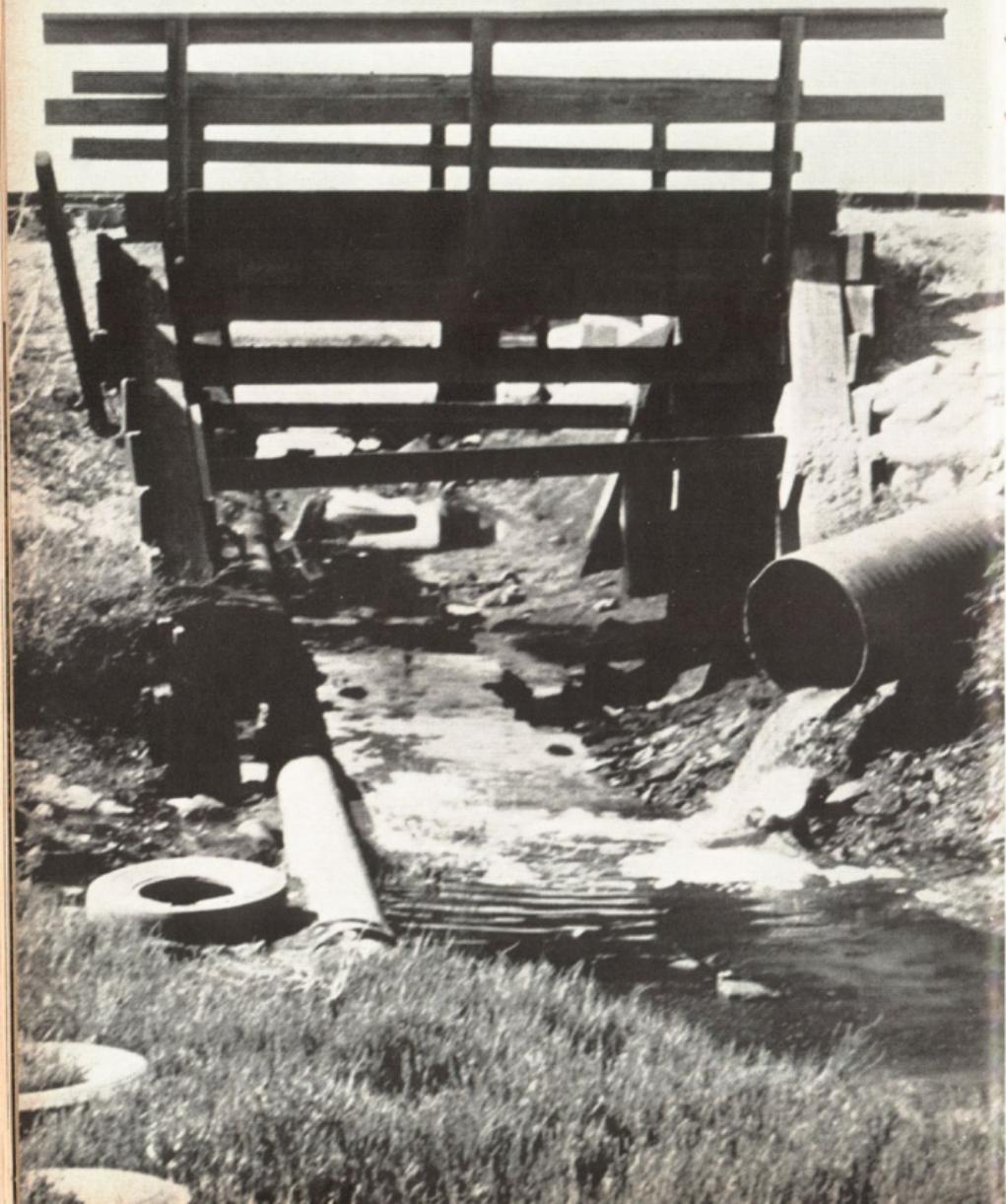
(about \$50 million). He got the measure passed by Congress in his second year, but did not hand out the money until this year. Then he parceled it out to barrio or ward captains in 2,000-peso lumps just before the election.

Cultural Contact. Barred by law from seeking a third consecutive term, Marcos has the next four years in which to fulfill another ambition: securing a place in Philippine history. Though a friend of the U.S., he feels that Filipinos must find their own place in Asia. Marcos will soon begin to renegotiate U.S.-Philippine trade and military agreements; perhaps anticipating his action, the U.S. last week announced that it would close Macau air base in the central Philippines. He also hopes to expand his country's economic and cultural contacts with Communist nations. Most of all, he wants to encourage a sense of regional interdependence in Asia. Says Marcos: "I'm looking forward to an Asian forum to get Asians together to try to find Asian solutions to our problems."

At home, Marcos hopes to continue his public works program, rein in the island's growing lawlessness, curb its widespread corruption and lower the high birth rate, which is adding 1,300,000 people each year to the 38 million population. He must also shore up a shaky economy, possibly by devaluing the peso. Because funds are running out, Marcos will become the first allied president to pull forces out of Viet Nam. In December, he intends to bring home the 1,500-man Philippine civic-action group. He will put the men to work in the impoverished central Luzon, where the Huk guerrillas still remain troublesome. No longer the fiery Communists that they were in the insurrection of the 1950s, the Huks have turned to Mafia-style extortion, which Marcos hopes he can counter with a program of better law enforcement and increased hopes for a better life.



GUARDS OF PISTOL-PACKING CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATE DRAW ON RIVAL
But on election day, mothers and priests stood guard.



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THE WAR

Communists on the Attack

Not much has been said lately about a coalition government for Saigon, a possibility Washington rejects on the grounds that such a regime would quickly be taken over by the Communists. Last week, however, the Viet Cong endorsed a possible coalition candidate. He is General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, 53, a popular leader of the 1963 coup against the Diem regime who is an old rival of President Nguyen Van Thieu. Speaking at a press conference in Paris, Mrs. Nguyen Thi Binh, the chief negotiator for the National Liberation Front, said that "we would be ready to begin conversations" with a "peace" cabinet headed by Minh.

Why would the N.L.F. endorse "Big"

"BIG" MINH

Presenting himself as the alternative.

Minh, a staunch anti-Communist who has disavowed any ambition to head a coalition regime? It is hardly a secret that the amiable general is no strongman. The Communists are confident that any Minh-led government would soon fall apart, leaving the N.L.F. to pick up the pieces. Lately, Minh has been sniping at Thieu's policies and presenting himself as a neutralist alternative. Last week Minh proposed that the country's allegiance to the Thieu government be tested in a referendum or by "some other formula." Thieu has ignored him.

On the military front Saigon faced a more immediate challenge. The recent battlefields "full" was shattered by Communist attacks all over the country. The renewed fighting apparently marked the start of the Communists' so-called "winter-spring campaign." They intend

to stage sporadic coordinated attacks throughout the country until American public opinion forces a U.S. withdrawal. Though the campaign's start was scheduled long before last week's antiwar Moratorium demonstrations in the U.S., there was nevertheless an effort to get the fighting in step with the peace marchers. An enemy document captured southeast of Saigon recently urged intense action on Nov. 14 and 15 "in support of the upcoming struggle of the American people for peace."

The most vicious fighting of the week—and perhaps of the year—occurred just south of the Demilitarized Zone around Con Thien where troopers of the U.S. 5th Mechanized Infantry Division held off North Vietnamese regulars in three days of firefights. Although the American troops were outnumbered 3 to 1 at times, superior firepower forced the enemy to retreat, leaving 178 bodies behind.

Elsewhere, the fighting was pretty much "Vietnamized." In northern Quang Nam province, South Vietnamese regional force troops captured 58 of the enemy and killed another 130, including a battalion commander and a Communist district chief. Meanwhile, in the Mekong Delta, ARVN (Army of the Republic of Viet Nam) troops and Marines struck back at North Vietnamese forces that had bested them in previous skirmishes.

A major test of ARVN stamina may take place in the Central Highlands, where some 7,000 North Vietnamese regulars have been pressing the ARVN's 23rd Division. In one engagement near Bu Prang, 110 miles north of Saigon, North Vietnamese troops charged an ARVN battalion, creating such confusion that two South Vietnamese A-37 jets, called in to provide air support, accidentally bombed ARVN troops.

Sweden: Aid to Hanoi

Though many Western nations criticize U.S. involvement in Viet Nam and defy American wishes by trading with Hanoi, only Sweden has gone so far as to announce that it will provide funds for the North. Sweden's new Prime Minister, Olof Palme, following plans laid down by his predecessor, intends to provide North Viet Nam with \$45 million in foreign aid. Two-thirds of the assistance, which extends over a three-year period beginning next July, will be a loan. The rest will be an outright gift.

WEST GERMANY

Balkan Vendetta

For almost 25 years, West Germany has served as the front line of the cold war between the two superpowers. For nearly as long, it has also been the site of a smaller, less-publicized struggle that nonetheless has been far more lethal for its participants. It is an underground war involving hired assassins, silent murder, terror attacks and mission-impos-

sible type weapons, including a variety of poison gas that West German authorities cannot yet identify. The fighters are Yugoslavs—exiles opposed to the regime of Josip Broz Tito on one side, agents of the Yugoslav secret service, the U.D.B.A., on the other.

Not that the 23,000 exiles form a united front—far from it. In fact, they are divided mainly into three major political and ethnic groups: the royalist Zbor movement; the Chetniks of the late Draža Mihailović, Tito's chief rival for power during World War II; and the Croats, including many former members of the Ustachi movement, which collaborated with the Nazis during the war. Since the three groups despise each other nearly as much as they do Tito, a good part of the murder and mayhem among Yugoslavs in West Germany

EPA-BILD



CROAT UNDER ARREST AFTER BERLIN ATTACK
Pleading to take the war elsewhere.

undoubtedly involves exile rivalries.

Recently, the exiles concluded an uneasy alliance to take advantage of a new factor: some 226,000 Yugoslav "guest workers" who are admitted to labor-short West Germany for two- or three-year stints. Over glasses of slivovitz in grimy bars, during friendly talk in homes, and in full-fledged secret political gatherings, Yugoslav exiles try to spread discontent among their visiting countrymen. Their hope, of course, is that the workers will form an anti-Tito underground when they return home.

However unlikely that prospect, the activity of the exiles has worried Tito. In retaliation, he has begun slipping paid informants and assassins across the border with groups of ordinary workers who arrive daily in major West German cities. Western experts estimate that some 1,000 U.D.B.A. informants are

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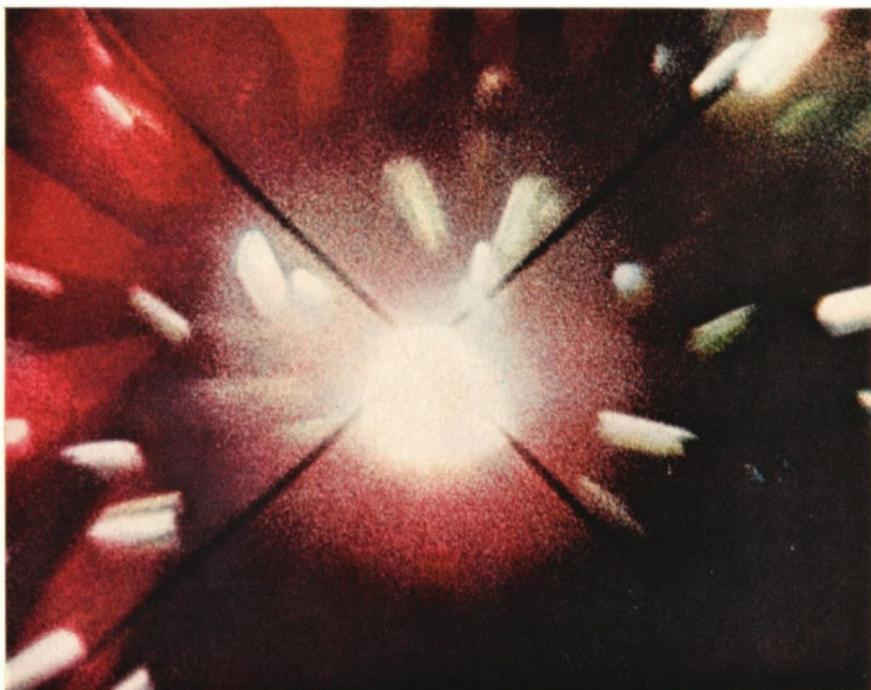
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Western Electric

Manufacturing and Supply Unit of the Bell System

keeping an eye on Yugoslav workers, and that about 100 others are in West Germany to handle more sensitive assignments. Whatever their number, the agents work efficiently. In Munich alone during the past year, there have been six unsolved Yugoslav murders and several mysterious disappearances.

The exiles retaliate by machine-pistolizing and bombing Yugoslav offices in West Germany. Employees of the Yugoslav embassy in Bonn work behind fortress-like defenses installed seven years ago, when exile attackers stormed the building and killed the doorman. In the past two years, exiles have hit Yugoslav offices in five major cities, including Berlin, where this summer a 27-year-old Croat riddled the consulate with bullets in an unsuccessful attempt to kill the chief of mission.

Diplomatic Problem. The émigré leader who claims that he is now No. 1 on the U.D.B.A. murder list is Branimir ("Branco") Jelic, 62, who was a founder of the pro-Nazi Ustache movement. It is not a claim that Jelic—or anyone else—makes idly. The last person who said his name was at the top of the list was Ante Vukic, 48-year-old president of the League of United Croats in Dortmund. He and his wife are now recovering from partial paralysis of their arms and legs, suffered when they inhaled a poison gas that had been sprayed on the interior of their car. Jelic, publisher of an émigré newspaper, has placed four walkie-talkie-equipped bodyguards outside his office and asked protection from the West Berlin police.

The Balkan vendetta being waged in West Germany has caused some setbacks in the newly cordial relations between Bonn and Belgrade. Yugoslav officials complain that West German courts have refused to hand over the exiles responsible for the bombings. West German officials reply that they cannot influence the decisions of the country's independent courts, and somewhat helplessly plead with the Yugoslavs to take their war somewhere else.

Rhodesia: White and All Right

Ian Smith, the Prime Minister of Rhodesia's all-white government, which rules a black majority, declared last week that his country was growing stronger despite the United Nations sanctions against it. Though U.N. member states are supposed to boycott Rhodesian exports, Smith claimed that many countries of the free world were quietly helping Rhodesia. On the fourth anniversary of the unilateral declaration of independence from Britain, Smith said that Rhodesia expects a 10% increase this year in its gross national product, "exceptional by any standard." But British Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart recently told the House of Commons that Rhodesia's export earnings had dropped by 40%. "Alone among all the countries of the world," he said, "its total national product is less than it was four years ago."

BRITAIN

Royal Bind

London dock workers last week started a collection to buy Prince Philip a polo pony. Newspaper columnists suggested that Queen Elizabeth save on household expenses by reusing tea leaves. Cartoonists depicted the royal family as hocking the crown jewels or renting out some of Buckingham Palace's 600 rooms. Parliament debated a subject that the House almost always discreetly avoids—the state of the Queen's finances.

The furor was started by Prince Philip. While on a visit to the U.S. earlier this month, he was asked on television

Even so, inflation and the pound's revaluation have cut heavily into her income, which was set at its present level 18 years ago. Her commitments have remained heavy. Queen Elizabeth maintains two of her official residences, and each year must stage numerous ceremonies. She entertains a total of 24,000 official guests a year and must meet a payroll of 300 employees. The Queen could reduce her expenses by shutting down the Royal Mews, the part of Buckingham Palace that houses the state coaches, carriages, horses and cars. To do so, however, would seriously dim the luster of regal elegance that now surrounds the monarchy.

Many Britons were annoyed that Philip talked about the royal family's financial problems on American TV. Some found it hard to sympathize with their plight. William Hamilton, a staunchly antimонаrchist Labor M.P., may indeed have reflected the views of overtaxed Britons when he asked: "Does nobody at Buckingham Palace know that millions of loyal subjects are struggling to live on less than it costs to keep the royal corgis?" They are the short-legged dogs that the Queen breeds.

Prime Minister Harold Wilson promised that following the next elections, which by law need not be held before spring 1971, he would appoint a commission to decide whether the Queen should be given a raise. One member of the royal family already received a pay hike. Prince Charles, who last week marked his 21st birthday at a palace party at which the ladies were allowed to wear pants suits, is now entitled to the full \$528,000 annual income from the Duchy of Cornwall, half of which he will generously turn back to the national treasury.

CHILE

Exception to the Rule

Because a single shot through the highly pressurized skin of a jetliner could cause a plane to explode in flight, pilots are under orders to let skyjackers have their way. In 61 hijackings so far this year, pilots have dutifully delivered the skyjackers to their desired destinations. Last week a Chilean pilot decided to revise the rules.

Shortly after Chilean Airlines flight 87 took off from Santiago on a routine flight to Puerto Montt with 56 passengers, two young men ordered Captain Leonidas Medina at gunpoint to fly north to Havana. During a refueling stop, the twin-jet Caravelle's port engine failed, and the hijackers ordered the six-man crew aboard another plane. Once in the air again, Captain Medina decided he had enough. Catching the hijackers off guard, he and his copilot wrestled the pistol away from them and locked them in the toilets. Then Medina flew back to Santiago, where police arrested Pedro Varas Flores, 16, and Patricio Dagach Reic, 15, on a charge of armed assault.



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF PALACE
Some found it hard to sympathize.

if the Queen was having trouble making ends meet on her allowance of \$1,140,000 per year. "We go into the red next year," replied Philip. He added that he might have to give up polo, and the royal family "may have to move into smaller premises."

The royal family has already been economizing somewhat. To avoid the high prices of London food shops, the palace has begun purchasing food from a military commissary. Only last month, Philip sold his 63-ft. yawl *Bloodhound*. Whenever the Queen moves from one residence to another, she takes most of the staff with her to avoid having to keep servants at several places.

The Suez Canal's Bleak Centennial

A CENTURY ago this week, the French yacht *Aigle*, with the Empress Eugenie aboard, led a convoy of 46 vessels south from Port Said to meet Egyptian warships at Ismailia. Fireworks rocketed above the waterway, while 6,000 guests, including the Emperor of Austria and the Crown Prince of Prussia, celebrated the opening of Suez at a huge ball. Said Builder Ferdinand de Lesseps to the Khedive Ismail of Egypt: "Moses ordered the waters of the Red Sea to retire, and they obeyed him. Today, at your command, they return to their former bed."

Neither revelry nor formal ceremonies will mark the canal's 100th anniversary. The silence along its banks will be broken only by the whine of bullets and the scream of attacking jets. Closed since the outbreak of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, Suez today is a useless relic of what was once one of the world's busiest waterways that handled an average of 57 ships a day in 1966. Dug in opposite banks, the Arabs and Israelis sometimes slip across the canal to launch raids. The canal thus even fails to fulfill its sole remaining function of a moat between enemies.

The outlook for its reopening was never bleaker. The Arabs have called a summit conference at Rabat in December, presumably to coordinate military action against Israel. Their attitude seems to foredoom any U.S.-Soviet peace plan for the Middle East—even if the two superpowers could agree on joint proposals.

Today the only ships in the canal are 15 vessels, which have been trapped in the Suez ever since the fighting broke out 30 months ago. One, the American freighter *Observer*, sits alone in Lake Timsah, 49 miles south of Port Said. The 14 others are hunched together in the Great Bitter Lake. Skeleton crews,



SHIPS DURING CELEBRATION OF OPENING
With fireworks, emperors and shades of Moses.

who are rotated every three months, maintain the vessels.

Though the crews have a grandstand view of the military fireworks, their biggest enemy is boredom. To while away the time, they take part in lifeboat races and play soccer on the broad deck of the largest ship, the British bulk carrier *Invercargill*. They attend church services on the West German motorship *Nordwind* and watch movies on the Bulgarian freighter *Vasil Levsky*. The Polish freighter *Djakarta* even prints stamps for the marooned vessels. Egyptian postal authorities graciously allow the stamps to be used as legal postage; they have become collector's items. Immense amounts of beer are consumed in the heat. Says one crewman: "There must be five feet worth of beer bottles on the bottom around each hull by now."

Most of the world's trading nations are suffering from the loss of the canal. In the first year alone, European coun-

tries lost an estimated \$1 billion because of the increased cost of sending oil tankers around Africa. India must spend more for grain shipments, and its once profitable exports of iron ore to Europe are no longer economic. For its part, Egypt loses \$300 million in annual canal revenues, though \$250 million is made up in subsidies by Saudi Arabia, Libya and Kuwait.

To compensate for loss of the canal, shippers have turned to using huge supertankers of 200,000 tons and more, and to sending cargo from Asia to Europe via Seattle overland to New York. Egypt and Israel are building pipelines to pump Middle East oil to Mediterranean ports. Though a reopened Suez might have a diminished role in world trade, it would still be very busy. Freighters, liners and warships making up 80% of the world's tonnage could travel it fully loaded, as could tankers up to 70,000 tons. Even supertankers, whose fully loaded hulls are too deep for the canal's 38-ft. channels, could take twelve days off the southbound trip by sailing under light ballast through Suez to the Persian Gulf refineries rather than sailing around the Cape of Good Hope.

Beyond the task of raising two sunken ships and a downed bridge, there are few physical barriers to reopening Suez. Most experts agree that the removal and dredging operations could be completed within six months at a cost of \$30 million and would restore the canal to its prewar depth. The task, however, will be painstaking and delicate. The engineers must make certain that any unexploded bombs or artillery shells that fell in the canal are fished out before the world's ships pass once more through Suez. One problem that does not worry engineers is silting, since 90% of the normal silt is a result of currents caused by propellers eroding of the banks. The propellers have not turned since June 1967.



ISRAELI SOLDIERS ON EAST BANK
With screeching jets, gunfire and a layer of beer bottles.

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two giant high-compliance woofers,
four hard cone tweeters,
a pair of exponential horns,
a professional record changer with
a scratchproof tone arm,
a 320 watt solid-state amplifier,
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The world's most advanced stereo components, blended and balanced by an exclusive, ultra-sensitive "Instant Touch" studio control panel. If you appreciate fine music and beautiful furniture, don't settle for less than Zenith Natural Sound Stereo.

Shown above: The Contessa, model A865. Elegant Mediterranean styling.
320 watts of peak music power.

ZENITH

*"The quality goes in
before the name goes in."*

PEOPLE

His great-great-great grandfather founded the school in 1865, and he has long been in line for the hereditary trusteeship reserved for his family. Thus, on his 21st birthday this week, **Era Cornell IV** becomes the first student trustee in Cornell University's history. He has already made it clear that he takes the job seriously. "Last year's demonstrations by armed black militants are still on my mind," he said. "I'm still trying to think about what the Negroes really want. How can we help them the most? How can we help ourselves? I don't have any answers, but I'm concerned."

For a young ballerina, it was an object lesson in precision and prerogative. Too intent on one of her moves in *Giselle* at Trieste's Teatro Verdi Opera House, 20-year-old Giovanna Mariani accidentally touched down on the slipper of the ballet's star, **Rudolf Nureyev**. Instantly, so gracefully that he did not miss a step, the temperamental Russian slapped her full across the face. Giovanna fled in tears but returned after five minutes and finished the performance. Next day she set out to teach Nureyev an object lesson of her own—by filing assault charges against him in a Trieste court.

Rumors of romance have been trailing **Gina Lollobrigida** for months. Suggested suitors have ranged from Matador El Cordobés to Heart Surgeon Christian Barnard. But this one is for real, says the Italian beauty. The fortunate fellow is George S. Kaufman, a wealthy Manhattan real estate executive who met Gina in New York two months ago. No kin to the late playwright, he likes to toss off lines like "My first and greatest present to Gina is my love." In Rome, where they announced plans

to marry, the pair was mobbed by the press. Photographers followed them everywhere—even on the plane from Geneva to Rome, and that proved too much for the lovebirds. Gina grabbed a bottle of champagne, shook it up and squirted it at one of her tormentors. "You and your stinking ancestors!" she shouted.

During a New Year's Day broadcast last January, Canada's bachelor Prime Minister lamented that 1968 had passed without allowing him "to make the kind of deal I would have liked. This year," he added, "I'll be taking initiatives." **Pierre Elliott Trudeau** was still working at that resolution last week; he flew to New York for two weekend dates with Singer **Barbra Streisand**. There was dinner and dancing on Friday night, the Polish Lab Theater on Sunday, and a barrage of questions from gossip columnists. How serious was it? When newsmen asked that question, the swinging Prime Minister merely grinned, turned to an aide and said, "Arrest that man."

From all reports it was quite a confrontation. There in her Washington studio stood the venerable Mrs. Lloyd Shippen, eightyish, matriarch of Mrs. Shippen's Dancing Class for the past 37 years and one of the capital's most autocratic social arbiters. Up stepped **Mark Roosevelt**, 13, great-grandson of President Theodore and a young man who already seems to know his mind. Why, asked Mark, were there no black youngsters in her classes? Mrs. Shippen's reaction was immediate. "She really gave it to me for about five minutes," relates Mark. "She talked about mixed marriages and trash." She also proceeded to give Mark the boot, which sad-

DON CARL STEFFEN



MARK ROOSEVELT
With a question to boot.

dens the determined civil rights activist. "If I'd stayed, I could have kept the pressure on her," says he. "Now I can't."

At the windup of his two-week tour, Soviet Cosmonaut **Georgy Beregovoy** announced that New York was strictly Endsville: "Saturated. Tense. Not fun at all." But the burly general was not all that bored. At a reception in Washington, he was approached by a Soviet official who wanted to introduce him to NASA Administrator Dr. Thomas Paine. Beregovoy, lost in contemplation of a braless blonde's plunging neckline, barely managed a curt "how do you do." "Georgy," growled the official, "this is the constructor of the American Apollo." Beregovoy did not even look up. The official led Paine away, then went back and pried his hero loose with some strong words. "You see," he explained later, "we also have a swinger among our cosmonauts."

Preparing for his 70th birthday, Master **Farceur Noel Coward** made it clear that one of the blithest spirits of the age is still blithe. Defending his lack of an Oxbridge education to London newsmen, he said: "It is of little help at the first rehearsal to be able to translate Cicero." What of T. S. Eliot's complaint that Coward had never spent an hour in the study of ethics? "I do not think it would have helped me," said he. Had he ever tried to enlighten his audience instead of just amusing them? "I have a slight reforming urge," he replied, "but I have rather cunningly kept it down." He does occasionally think about serious things. Take protesting youth, for instance. "I think all this sitting down is rather a mistake. It is a languid posture and achieves little."



GINA (WITH GEORGE) SQUIRTING PHOTOGRAPHER WITH CHAMPAGNE
But love is the first and greatest present.

The Sun of Puerto Rico.

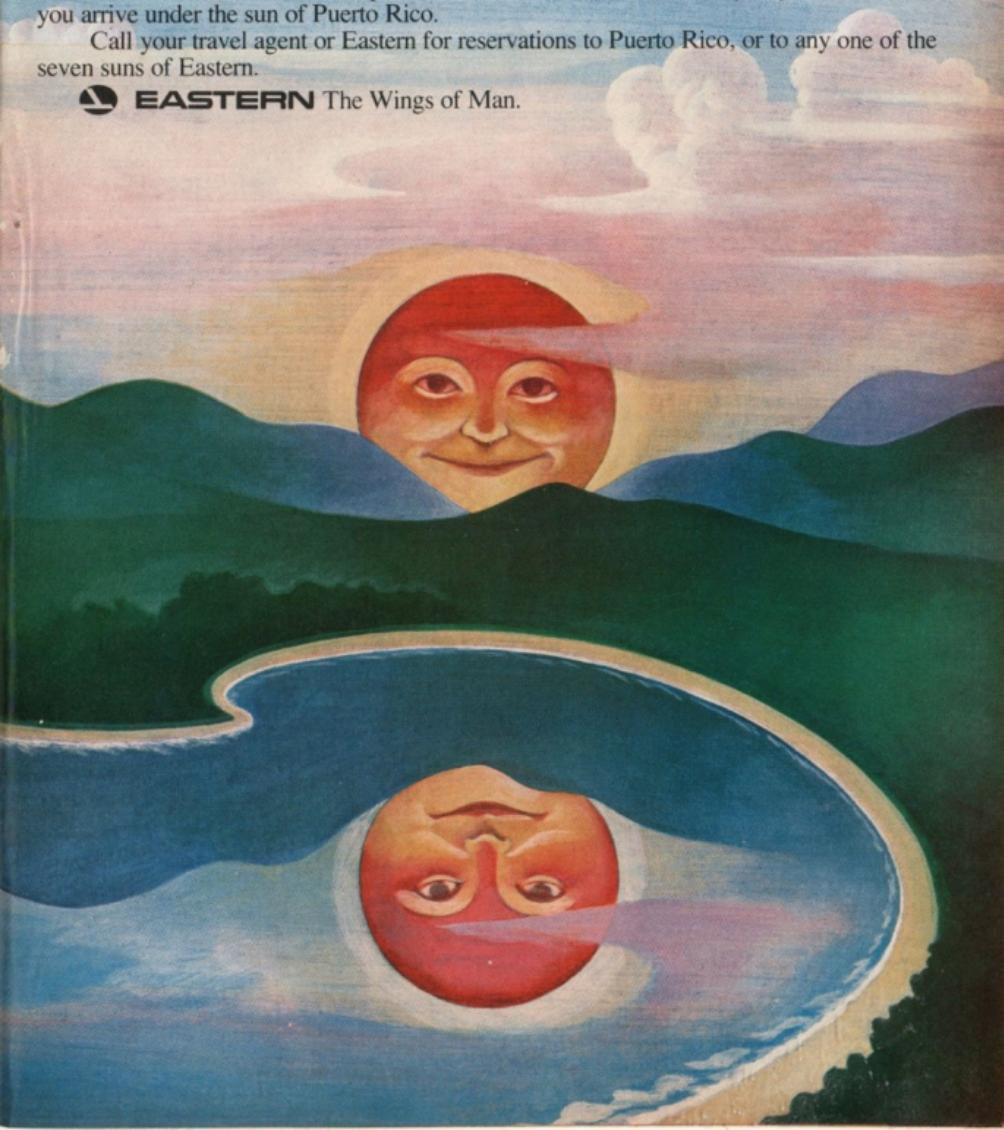
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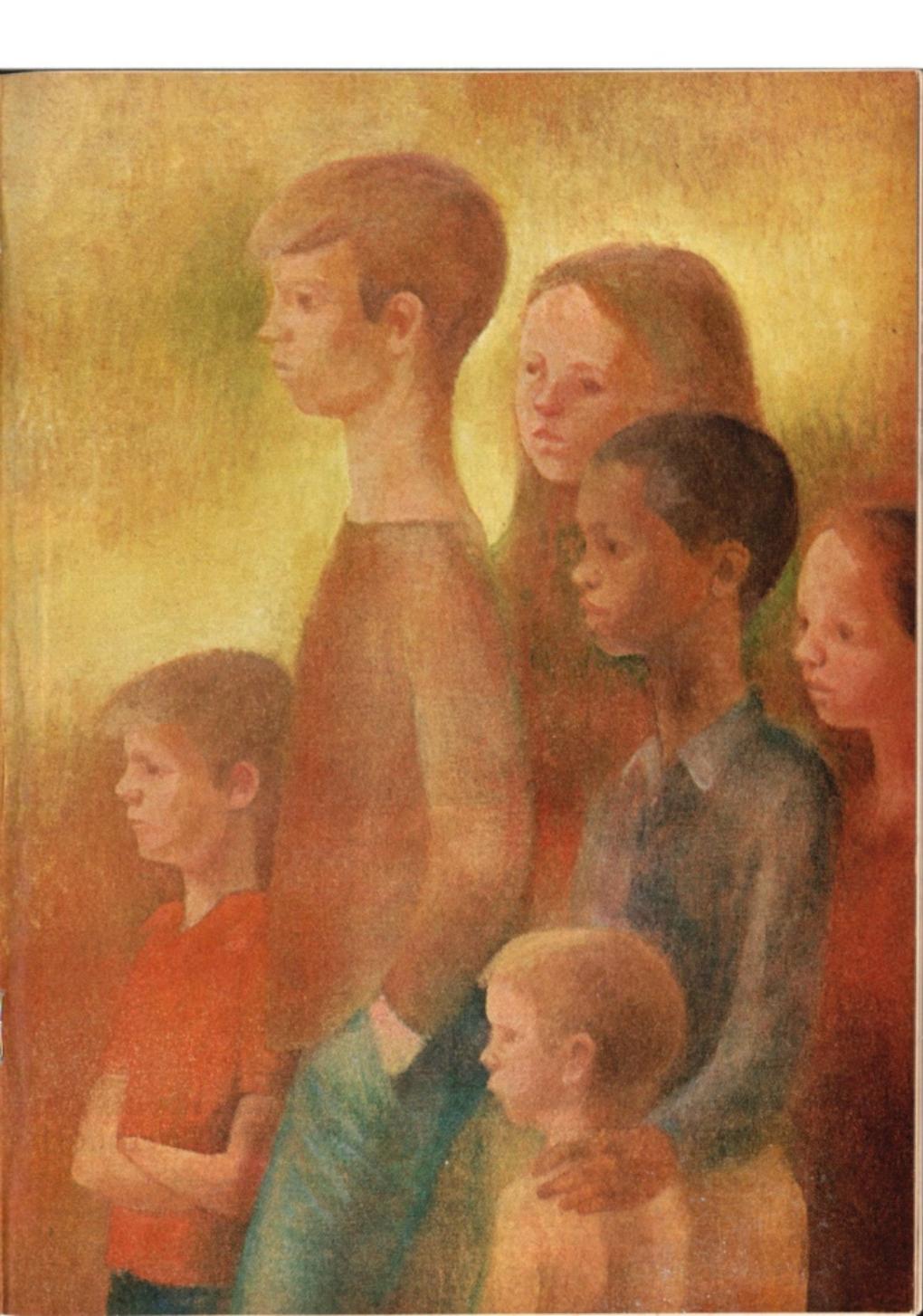
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when they become
the takeover generation,
what will they take over?
Worn-out land
too tired to grow anything?
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too clogged to go anywhere?
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too loaded to carry any more?
Not if White has anything
to say about it.
And we do.
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to enrich the land,
seed it, water it, harvest its crops;
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and haul goods over them;
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BEHAVIOR

The New Feminists: Revolt Against "Sexism"

PORNOPHOBERS, take note. Two months ago a young man in San Francisco decided to raise some money for a new underground paper called *Dock of the Bay* by putting out a sex sheet, "a quick porny." On the eve of its publication, several angry young women spirited the entrepreneur away in a car and after twelve hours of intensive indoctrination persuaded him to abandon his plans on the ground that pornography degrades women. The copy for the magazine, dirty pictures and all, was burned in the backyard of one of the girls. "Just roasting marshmallows," said the one-time Camp Fire Girl who masterminded the abduction.

The event is now known in underground feminist circles as the Dock of the Bay affair, and the ringleader is considered something of a heroine. She is a member of Women's Liberation, a movement that has attracted some 10,000 converts across the U.S. over the past three years. The new feminists differ widely on many issues, but on one they are united: sexism must go.

An Incredible Fury

Sexism is their target and battle cry—as racism is the blacks'. They regard 20th century America as a rigid, male-dominated society which, deliberately or more often unconsciously, perpetuates arrant inequities between men and women—in pay, kinds of jobs and, more subtly, self-expression. Women, they say, are constantly put down by the ads that ask "Does she . . . or doesn't she?" or proclaim "You've come a long way, baby," because, of all things, she has supposedly got her own cigarette. The militants abhor *Playboy* as well as most women's magazines, which take an equally narrow view of the woman's role. To demonstrate their disgust and alienation from sexist society, the angry picket the Miss America contest, burn brassières, and dump into "freedom trashcans" such symbols of female "oppression" as lingerie, false eyelashes and steno pads.

Most middle-aged or older women take a skeptical if not downright hostile view of the new movement, if they have heard of it at all. But younger women, part of a rebellious generation, are fertile ground for the seeds of discontent. They are also having fewer babies, looking ahead to living longer, and thinking more about careers. A study of 10,000 Vassar alumnae showed that most graduates of the mid-'50s wanted marriage, with or without a career, while in the mid-'60s most were insisting on a career, with or without marriage. Women's rising expectations, stemming in part from peak feminine college enrollment (3,000,000), are increasingly out of kilter with reality.

Rutgers Anthropologist Lionel Tiger thinks there is going to be a general revolt by women, which will involve such deep-rooted human conditions, biological as well as economic, that it will make the black problem look comparatively easy to solve. Brooklyn's Shirley Chisholm, the first black woman ever elected to Congress, says on the basis of eight months of travel in the U.S. that the revolt has already begun. She herself, she feels, has been more dis-

"All there is to fall in love with is sexual racists." But most of the sexual segregationists have sterner reasons. Their chastity is not so much a Lysistrata tactic, it seems, as a self-disciplinary measure. "Love between a man and a woman is debilitating and counter-revolutionary," argues Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, daughter of David of the Chase Manhattan Bank and a member of Women's Liberation hard-core Cell 16 in Boston. Declares Boston's Roxanne

SANTI VITALI—PHOTOFESTIVE



WOMEN LIBERATORS AT ATLANTIC CITY
Just roasting marshmallows.

criminated against as a woman than as a Negro.

Many of the new feminists are surprisingly violent in mood, and seem to be trying, in fact, to repel other women rather than attract them. Hundreds of young girls are learning karate, tossing off furious statements about "male chauvinists," distributing threatening handouts ("Watch out! You may meet a real castrating female!"), and even citing with approval the dictum of the late revolutionary Frantz Fanon: An oppressed individual cannot feel liberated until he kills one of the oppressors. This is all borrowed, of course, from the fiery rhetoric of today's militant black and student movements, but a deep feminine resentment is there nevertheless. "In almost any woman you can unearth an incredible fury," declares one of the women organizers of SDS. "And it's an anger that can be a powerful radicalizing force."

A few of the militants are talking about complete segregation, even to the exclusion of sex. For one thing, as an unhappy young demonstrator explained,

Dunbar, one of the movement's few acknowledged leaders: "Sex is just a commodity."

Sexual freedom has never been the primary concern of women's movements—indeed, the English suffragettes even opposed birth control on the ground that it encouraged lust. Nor are the feminists of the Pill generation particularly partisans of the sexual revolution. "In a way, the relaxation of sexual mores just makes a woman's life more difficult," contends Ellen Willis, rock music critic for *The New Yorker* and militant feminist. "If she is not cautious about sex, she is likely to get hurt; if she is too cautious, she will lose her man to more obliging women. Either way, her decision is based partly on fear and calculation, not on her spontaneous needs and desires."

Paradoxically perhaps, it was the male chauvinism of their fellow radicals that sparked the militant women to organize for themselves. The girls who worked for S.N.C.C. in the early '60s, and later seized Columbia's Library or were arrested last year in Chicago, did a slow

burn when they realized that in the Movement as well as outside it, they were regarded simply as chicks to type and make the coffee rather than write the manifestoes. Mark Rudd was possibly less interested in women's rights than is Richard Nixon. The girls were also regarded as a sex pool. Stokely Carmichael long ago said it plainly: "The only position for women in S.N.C.C. is prone."

In 1966, a trickle of radical women started to abandon the various causes they shared with men, and to get together to discuss their disillusionment. They soon developed a pattern of meetings that persists today: they form in groups of eight to ten for "rap sessions" with the express purpose of "raising consciousness." This means drumming their second-sex status into each

(where the movement is picking up 50 new members a month), 30 in Chicago, 25 in Boston, and a scattering of others in cities ranging from Gainesville, Fla., to Toronto. Most of the groups are leaderless as well as nameless, but a few have fancy titles like WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell), Redstockings, WRAP (Women's Radical Action Project), and Keep on Truckin' Sisters. Some of the members sport buttons bearing their collective nickname: Uppity Women.

These groups, or cells, which con-

this weekend in Manhattan a giant Congress to Unite Women will draw protesters from as far left as the WITCHES and as far right as Hadassah. A really active woman liberator can go to a meeting every night, raising consciousness one evening and funds the next.

Woman as Negro

Both the radicals and the women of NOW also do "actions," little guerrilla theatricals intended to raise consciousness generally, and a little hell besides. This fall they entered a secret candidate for Miss America, but their elaborate plans to have her denounce the contest from within fizzled. At Grinnell College in Iowa last February coeds stripped to the buff when a speaker expounded the *Playboy* philosophy. To draw attention to their cause, women

DIANE ARBUS



CELL 16'S ROXANNE DUNBAR
Collision with realities.

other by testifying to various indignities, including "bearing witness" to their abortions in painful detail. One of their major demands is the abolition of anti-abortion statutes (see THE LAW). They consider every death from a bungled abortion an execution by the state and claim that the number of such deaths annually exceeds the number of American soldiers killed in Viet Nam.

Redstockings and Uppity Women

Most of the first new feminists were politically radical, and consisted of white college students or recent graduates, unmarried or divorced. They soon attracted a number of women who otherwise had no radical leanings at all. The latest recruits include factory workers, high school girls, a number of discontented housewives, and even a coven or two of grandmothers. There are at least 50 groups in New York (where they have their own feminist repertory theater), 35 in the San Francisco Bay Area

Majority Minority

ALTHOUGH 51% of Americans are female, women face many of the problems of a minority. Only 1% of the nation's engineers are women, 3% of its lawyers, 7% of its doctors. For the same jobs, women's pay is often less than half that of men, and nearly one-fifth of employed women with a B.A. have jobs in such categories as clerks, factory workers and cooks. Moreover, the status of American women is, in many ways, deteriorating:

► Median wages and salaries of fully employed men were \$4,713 in 1957, as compared with \$3,008 for women. In 1968, men's income had risen to about \$7,800, or 65%, while women's had gone up to \$4,550, or 51%. The gap is widening.

► In the past ten years women have lost 50 seats in state legislatures. Margaret Chase Smith is the lone woman in the U.S. Senate, and there are only ten Congresswomen, compared with 17 in 1960.

► In 1879, women held more than a third of the faculty positions in colleges and universities. By the 1960s, that ratio had dropped to less than a fourth. The proportion of women will probably dwindle even further as the new flood of Ph.D.s enters the teaching market. In the 1920s women received 15% of the nation's doctorates. The percentage is now down to 12.6.

stantly split and multiply in a sort of miasma, constitute the radical wing of Women's Liberation. The more pragmatic sector of the new movement is the National Organization for Women, or NOW, founded in 1966 by Author Betty Friedan, following the phenomenal success of her book, *The Feminine Mystique*. (As she defined it, the mystique itself was the American-style *Küche, Kinder, Kirche* ethos of the '50s, which Mrs. Friedan claimed had trapped women in unwanted domesticity.) Today, NOW has 3,000 members, many of them teachers and other professional women, who concentrate on practical matters like establishing day-care centers for children of working mothers. A few of the radicals have also joined NOW, and



NOW'S BETTY FRIEDAN
Column of Tabbies.

in Chicago are concentrating on what they call "little daintiness," such as elaborately opening doors for men and lighting their cigarettes.

The feminists have solid legal grounds for other actions. Partly as a joke, Congressman Howard W. Smith of Virginia, then 81, added "sex" to the section of the 1964 Civil Rights Act that prohibited employment discrimination on the basis of "race, color, religion or national origin." There was a good deal of laughter, but the House passed the bill. It has taken a while for feminists to grasp what they can do under Title VII, but charges of discrimination against women in business and industry account for about 7,500 of the 44,000 complaints filed so far with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Restrictions as to hours were swept away, airline stewardesses won the right to work after age 32, and women got jobs as jockeys, steamship yeomen and telephone switchmen, which were for-



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CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

merly denied them. Soon we may expect legions of female firemen, airline pilots, sanitation men and front-line soldiers (although Anthropologist Margaret Mead thinks that they would be too fierce).

It is fitting that women should be protected along with Negroes by civil rights legislation, because the metaphor of Woman as Negro has been expressed by practically every observer of feminine subjugation from John Stuart Mill to Yoko Ono. As Gunnar Myrdal noted in his classic *American Dilemma*, both groups have been hampered by the same prejudices: that they were inferior in many ways, and also that they believed themselves to be inferior.

The new feminism parallels the black movement in many ways. Both are encumbered, for example, by a huge fifth column—for blacks, the Uncle Toms; for women, Aunt Tabbies, also known as Doris Days. Like the blacks, the feminists too are asking, with some success, that their "hidden history," the story of women's rights, be taught in schools and colleges. The law school at N.Y.U. has inaugurated a course devoted entirely to the legal problems of women, including divorce law. (Law is one profession that is attracting increasing numbers of women as well as blacks, both groups eager to promote legal reforms.)

The Lonely Ovum

The redoubtable Elizabeth Cady Stanton, mother of seven and one of the few first-rate intellects in the suffrage movement, was so often confronted with Biblical "truths" putting down women that she made it her business to set the Holy Book to rights, publishing a *Woman's Bible*. The Scriptures bear the "impress of fallible men," she assured her readers. She particularly objected to the authors' use of the expression "The Lord saith" whenever they wanted to make a point. The story of Eve, she was happy to announce, was a fable, and woman was in no way responsible for the problems of the universe."

The intellectuals among today's feminists have as hard a task as Mrs. Stanton, for they must challenge Freud, one of the most influential sexists the world has ever known, as well as platoons of psychologists, sociologists and anthropologists, all of whom insist, in one way or another, that "anatomy is destiny."

Harvard Psychologist Erik Erikson, for example, has written that the determinant of a woman's identity is her "inner space, destined to bear the offspring of chosen men." He has observed little boys building "high towers" and "façades with protrusions," while little girls build "interior" scenes with "low walls," often intruded by animals or dangerous men." There must be a connection, he says, between such

play spaces, genital differences, and the unique functions and personalities of the sexes.

Such observations have set many feminist off on fanciful speculations of her own. Author Mary Ellmann, for instance, has noted that "each month the ovum undertakes an extraordinary expedition from the ovary through the Fallopian tubes to the uterus, an unseen equivalent of going down the Mississippi on a raft or over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Ordinarily, too, the ovum travels singly, like Lewis or Clark, in the kind of existential loneliness which Norman Mailer usually admires. One might say that the activity of ova involves a daring and independence absent, in fact, from the activity of spermatozoa, which

a formidable goal, but the feminists believe that it can be achieved. Says Dr. Alice Rossi, a sociologist at Goucher College: "If you changed rearing practices and stopped punishing people who depart from the accepted patterns, you'd have very minimal sex differences." No one can tell which psychological differences are immutable until social expectations are equal.

The Machismo Backlash

The militant women have understandably aroused a good deal of fury and laughter, but like the extremists among the blacks and students, they have also drawn attention to some real problems. They have, for example, exposed the myth that a woman's income is mostly a supplement: a third of all women of marriageable age are not married; two-thirds of working women, whether married or not, work because they need the money. Thirty-six percent of the nation's families classified as poor are headed by women, as are most urban welfare families. Considered in this light, what seems a monotonous litany of the need for better wage scales and good day-care centers assumes more urgency (2,700,000 children need day-care centers; there are places for 530,000).

Men, for reasons entirely of their own, may soon agree to some of the changes the feminists propose, and indeed over 100 males are members of NOW. New studies show that many men actually want women to combine careers and families, that most women also want both careers and families, but that they think the men want them to stay home. (Just publicizing the studies ought to help eliminate this misunderstanding.) Moreover, what was once a natural and universally admired goal—to have a large family—may, with the threat of overpopulation, be seen as mere self-indulgence. Population experts are already proposing tax changes and legal restrictions to keep families small. As part of the same program, they suggest that women be given education and job opportunities equal to those accorded men.

With a new sense of self-esteem, which is essentially what the feminists are seeking, even those women who elect to stay at home might be happier, which would of course benefit men as well. To encourage self-esteem in women requires more self-esteem in men, who all too often nowadays build up their egos at the expense of women. As male and female roles in society grow more and more alike, masculine pride must depend increasingly on achievement and inner security rather than on machismo. But if the ego of the average man is not up to absorbing the new shocks there may well be a male backlash that will cause an even harsher collision between the sexes than society has yet experienced. The radical women have opened a Pandora's box. But that of course is their birthright. They are her direct descendants.



LIBERATING HERSELF FROM BRA
Anatomy need not be destiny.

move in jostling masses, swarming out to signal a crowd of commuters from the 5:15." From this, one can only conclude that women must be the more daring, individualistic and imaginative sex.

However adventurous their ova, women themselves do not, in truth, have a record of soaring achievement. (One handicap mentioned by many career women is simply that they don't have wives.) The explanation offered by Darwin among others is that the male is more variable than the female. According to this reasoning, female intelligences cluster at the center of the range, while male intelligences extend to the further reaches of genius—and imbecility as well.

A more obvious explanation is that society discourages women. Boys are asked, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Girls are seldom encouraged to think of themselves as anything but creatures who will one day substitute babies for their dolls. To change such patterns and the resultant personalities is

* England's Emmeline Pankhurst was more religion-minded, telling her suffragettes: "Trust in God: She will provide."

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He sold it to an English sea captain who sold it to a London dealer. Prince Orloff of Russia finally bought it for the Empress Catherine who had it set in Russia's royal scepter, where it can still be found.



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ENVIRONMENT

POLLUTION

The Price of Disaster

The vast oil slick that floated ashore in Cornwall and Brittany after the supertanker *Torrey Canyon* sank in 1967 killed thousands of sea birds and marine animals and polluted miles of beaches. This ecological disaster has now also exacted its toll from the operator of the tanker, Union Oil Co. of California, and its Liberian owner, the Barracuda Tanker Corp. Last week the companies announced that they had agreed to pay \$7.2 million in damages for their responsibility in the accident.

Soon after the *Torrey Canyon* sank, both Britain and France filed claims amounting to more than \$15 million against Union Oil and Barracuda, and there were scores of private suits. Yet, surprisingly, there was little in international law to cover the liability of ships on the high seas for damages from pollution.

Four months after the shipwreck, the British government attached a warrant of arrest to the mainmast of a Union Oil tanker that had stopped for an hour in Singapore, and the company had to post an \$8.4 million bond to get the tanker back. That seizure may well have been the key action in two years of legal maneuverings that led Union Oil to agree out of court to pay Britain and France \$3.6 million apiece, 70% of which will be covered by insurance.

By coincidence, delegates from 49 countries are now meeting in Brussels to consider international agreements that will assign liability for pollution damages on the high seas. But to date there is little consensus among the other rep-

resentatives on what the new law should say. Also unsolved is an even more practical problem: how safely to remove the oil from a sinking ship before it leaks out and pollutes the sea. The U.S. Coast Guard may have one answer. It is testing large, rubber-coated bladders that can be carried in a plane, parachuted into the water near a foundering tanker and inflated. Once inflated, each one could hold 140,000 gallons of oil pumped from the tanker and be easily towed to shore.

PESTICIDES

Attack on DDT

The more that is learned about the pesticide with the awesome name of dichloro-diphenyl-trichloro-ethane, the more dangerous it seems to be. DDT has been accused of contributing to the virtual disappearance of the peregrine falcon on the East Coast of the U.S., of causing cancer in mice, and of upsetting whole ecosystems. It is ubiquitous, appearing unexpectedly in Lake Michigan's coho salmon and even in Antarctica's snows, where it is carried by winds. Some scientists fear that DDT, washed into oceans, may kill off the plankton that supplies 70% of the earth's oxygen.

The growing concern over DDT last week prompted the U.S. to follow the lead of the states (Michigan and Arizona) and foreign countries (Canada and Sweden) that have already decided to curb use of the chemical. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Robert Finch announced that over the next two years the Federal Government will phase out all except "essential" uses of

DDT. Stretching the phase-out to two years, Finch explained, would prevent the "excessive economic disruption" of an immediate ban. But even if the use of DDT were stopped now, he admitted, "it would take ten years or longer for the environment to purge itself" of the chemical.

Clearly Unessential. The vague wording and relatively leisurely pace of Finch's plan failed to satisfy some scientists who have been actively campaigning against DDT. "If you can ban cyclamates in four or five days, then you can act just as quickly against DDT," says Biologist Charles F. Wurster Jr. of the State University of New York at Stony Brook. "Besides, we are already down to 'essential' uses—and they are clearly unessential for human and environmental health standards."

William Rodgers, a Seattle law professor who has joined with the Environmental Defense Fund in suing the federal agencies over the use of DDT, is also skeptical. "It looks like the old 'all deliberate speed' tactics," he says. "Look, a person has a choice whether he wants to ban cyclamates or smoke cigarettes. With DDT we don't have a choice. It's everywhere in our food. Until we know for sure what the Government is planning, we will fight on."

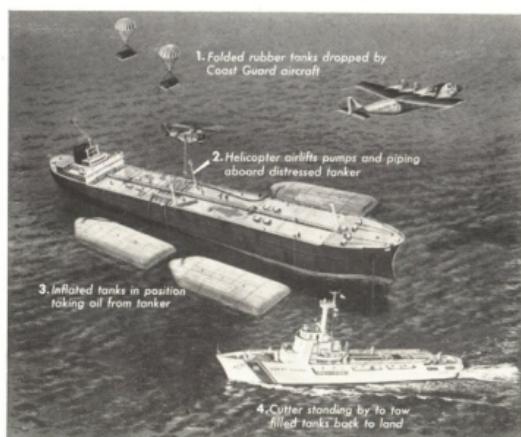
NOISE

Muffling the Jet

After years of enduring the ear-splitting shriek of jetliners flying over their homes, residents of communities near airports can at last look forward to quieter skies. By 1971, FAA Associate Administrator Oscar Bakke announced last week, the aviation agency will most likely demand that the engines on some 2,100 existing commercial jets be muffled to reduce their noise to a still unspecified level.

The FAA also announced that noise limits have been established for the forthcoming breed of "jumbo jets"—Boeing's 747, Lockheed's L-1011 and McDonnell Douglas' DC-10. The legal maximum for jumbo noise will be considerably lower than the sound made by large jet engines now in operation; in effect, it will cut in half the noise audible to those on the ground. Under the new limits, the jet noise should be no louder than that heard by a man running a power mower with a four-cycle engine, the FAA promised, and only a quarter to a half as loud as a "typical rock-'n'-roll band."

There is one hitch. Although the FAA's precedent-setting regulations for jumbo jets go into effect on Dec. 1, the Boeing 747s—which in February will become the first (by 21 months) to start flying passenger runs—will be temporarily exempt. Reason: Boeing applied for certification of the 747 one year before the agency began drafting its noise laws and is too far along in production of the jumbos to meet the FAA deadline. Result: no less noise for a while.





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ART

A Private Skill

When he died in 1907, Augustus Saint-Gaudens was solidly established as America's greatest sculptor, the creator of heroic public monuments such as New York's equestrian *General Sherman*, Chicago's standing *Lincoln* and Washington's *Adams Memorial*. His smaller, more intimate portrait reliefs are equally distinguished—naturally enough for an artist who started his career as a cameo cutter. In the first major exhibition of Saint-Gaudens' work in 60 years, Washington's National Portrait Gallery assembled 56 pieces, including portraits of such public figures as Architect Stanford White and Writers William Dean Howells and Robert Louis Stevenson. Among the best are portraits of private citizens.

"Most sweet and worthy wife and mother," reads the Latin inscription on the posthumous high relief of Louise Miller Howland, a New York judge's wife who died prematurely—and the sensitively modeled face confirms the epitaph. More characteristic of Saint-Gaudens' portraiture is the low relief of the children of New York Lawyer Prescott Hall Butler. To the two sturdy boys in their Scottish kilts, the sculptor has brought the understanding of a psychologist. The youngster on the left looks ahead, stolid and unafraid, but his older brother is already touched with care, and places his arm protectively around the younger. Dr. Henry Shiff, an intimate of Saint-Gaudens, was a surgeon in the Confederate Army who retired to Rome after the Civil War and there aided the sculptor when he was a struggling beginner. The refined strength of this tribute to a lifelong friendship sums up the sculptor's advice to his pupils: "Develop technique and then hide it."

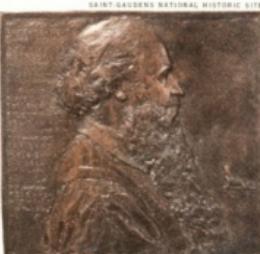


Louise Miller Howland

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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Embattled U.S. Bishops

At the Extraordinary Synod of Bishops in Rome last month, Catholic prelates and theologians alike warned that the bishops who sought a larger role in shaping church policy had better be prepared to share that power with priests and laity at home. Last week, as 221 members of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops met in Washington's Statler-Hilton Hotel, that prophecy proved correct. The Rev. Patrick O'Malley, 37, moderate president of the National Federation of Priests' Councils representing some 35,000 of the nation's 58,000 Catholic priests, proposed that the bishops turn over most of their conference's responsibilities to a national policy-making board composed of bishops, priests and, eventually, laymen. If the bishops did not do so, warned O'Malley, they would face "revolution instead of evolution" in the church.

41 Demands. O'Malley was perhaps the mildest critic the bishops heard all week. Outside the closed-door sessions, leaders of ten dissident Catholic organizations, both clerical and lay, joined together in a loose coalition to present the bishops with a "People's Agenda," a grab bag of 41 wildly varied demands for church and social reform. Among them: that the church allot a regular tithe to blacks; back immediate withdrawal from Viet Nam; set up a draft-counseling program; develop family-planning programs; re-examine Catholic teaching on divorce; phase out parochial schools; endorse optional celibacy and female priests.

Steered principally by four conservative cardinals,* the bishops decided to stand pat on most issues, but advanced on some. On celibacy—the noisiest controversy—they once again issued a thumping statement in support of the old discipline, though the 145-to-68 vote for issuing yet another such document was not so lopsided as it had been in the past. The week's most promising advances were the adoption of an elaborate proposal to ensure due process in church administrative procedures, and the establishment of a national office for black Catholicism.

The due-process plan recommends that each diocese establish and publish standard policies on hiring, firing and other administrative practices. It also sets up conciliation and arbitration procedures for disputes between bishops and their priests and laity. The National Office of Black Catholics will work to increase the number of black seminarians, establish a black campus ministry, and help train white priests

* Los Angeles' James Francis McIntyre, Philadelphia's John J. Krol, Washington's Patrick L. O'Boyle, and John J. Wright, former Archbishop of Pittsburgh, now a member of the Roman Curia.



"PEACE" MASS AT SHRINE
Question of evolution or revolution.

and nuns to work in black communities.

The most bizarre event of the week was a so-called "Peace" Mass at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. The service opened with the entry of the Catholic choirs from the nation's three service academies. Then came 200 Knights of Columbus and Knights of St. John bearing swords, uniformed chaplains from various branches of the service, and 175 invited members of the hierarchy. Finally an armed color guard marched in. Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen gave the sermon in which he called for a return to "asceticism" as the way to peace.

A chance for asceticism came quickly enough to a group of Catholic peace protesters who were passing out handbills on the shrine's steps. While the Mass went on inside, shrine officials, charging trespass, called the Washington police. Six of the peace advocates were hustled off to jail—including a girl who had been distributing the broadsides from her wheelchair.

MORALS A New Moratorium?

The V.D. rate among G.I.s in Viet Nam is so high that Brigadier General David Thomas, the U.S. Army's top medic in the war zone, has suggested a drastic solution: Army-run brothels. Understandably dismayed by such a proposal ("Government-sponsored moral collapse"), the weekly *California Southern Baptist* countered, tongue in cheek, with an even farther-out suggestion. "Perhaps," the magazine editorialized, "we ought to send into battle zones only married men whose wives can accompany them to a relatively safe zone near the battle area, and the men could spend a week on the front line and a week at home."



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THE LAW

CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS Open City for Abortion

For thousands of American women, the nation's capital became its most enlightened city last week. Suddenly, Washington, D.C., found itself with no law whatever to prevent doctors from performing abortions.

U.S. District Judge Gerhard A. Gesell—son of the late famous pediatrician Dr. Arnold Gesell—declared unconstitutional a 68-year-old Washington law that made it a crime for any doctor to perform an abortion except when "necessary for the preservation of the mother's life or health." Judge Gesell called on Congress to write "a far more scientific and appropriate statute" for the District of Columbia. And he made it clear that the capital's only public hospital must promptly liberalize its policy on therapeutic abortions so that the operations will be as available to the poor as they are to the rich.

Presumed Guilty. In his decision, Gesell threw out an indictment against Dr. Milan Vuitch, who had been accused under the old statute of an illegal abortion. Gesell ruled that the law was too vague; he pointed out, for example, that it did not make clear whether "health" was meant to include varying degrees of mental as well as physical health. Moreover, said Gesell, a doctor indicted under the statute was "presumed guilty" unless he could prove to a jury that the operation was necessary. In the companion case of a nurse's aide named Shirley Boyd who had performed an abortion, Judge Gesell refused to dismiss the indictment on the grounds that only licensed physicians may do such surgery. But the judge agreed with Mrs. Boyd's argument that the law results in discrimination against the poor.

D. Vuitch estimates that more than 20,000 abortions a year are performed in the Washington area, and that only about 25% of them are done in hospitals. Many of the illegal abortions are performed on poor women by unlicensed practitioners under less than sanitary conditions. While the capital's private hospitals interpreted the old statute relatively freely to permit therapeutic abortions, the public institution—D.C. General Hospital—which mainly serves the poor, did very few such operations.

Gesell's decision is not likely to produce an immediate upsurge in abortions in Washington. Dr. Ernest Lowe, chief of gynecology and obstetrics at D.C. General Hospital, believes that the ultimate effect will be to make the surgery more readily available at a reasonable price. But Dr. Howard Donald, chief of staff at Columbia Hospital for Women, says: "I don't think that tomorrow morning we would say anyone could just request an abortion and have it done." Dr. Frank S. Bacon, head of the D.C. Medical Society, thinks most

doctors will go slow on abortion until Congress and the Supreme Court clear up the "legal and social" issues.

A Woman's Liberty. Even so, the ruling is a significant victory for those who seek repeal of abortion laws across the country. The movement got a big boost in September, when the California Supreme Court declared that state's old abortion law unconstitutional, partly on the ground that women have a basic right to decide whether or not to bear children. (Before the ruling, California had replaced the old law with more liberal legislation.) In New York, four prominent doctors are among those attacking the state's abortion statute in a

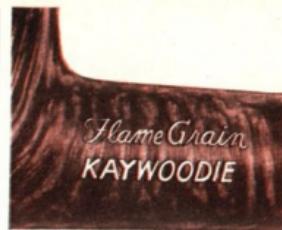


JUDGE GESELL
Striking an urgent note.

case that will soon be argued before a three-judge federal court.

Striking an urgent note, Judge Gesell himself urged the Government to appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court for a final resolution of the constitutional issues. If the high court agrees with him, it may well sweep away rigid abortion laws in 40 states. Recent Supreme Court doctrine, Gesell said, indicates that "a woman's liberty and right of privacy extends to family, marriage and sex matters, and may well include the right to remove an unwanted child at least in the early stages of pregnancy."

The case for more permissive abortion laws will be strengthened by a new study revealing that 22% of all legitimate births in the U.S. are unwanted by either the husband or the wife. Dr. Charles F. Westoff of Princeton's Office of Population Research based his conclusion on a survey of 5,600 married women across the country. As expected, he found that there are more unwanted births among the poor (42%)



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than among the "near poor" (26%) or the more affluent classes (17%). Says Westoff: If all women who want to regulate the size of their families were taught to use contraceptives more effectively, U.S. population growth could be reduced by as much as 45%. Since more married women than single girls seek abortions, a liberal approach on that front would help too.

CONSUMER LAW

Slippery Shoes

I only took three steps on those shoes—into the dinette area, which has a vinyl floor. The heels were plastic and the soles were vinyl. I never waxed the floor, so it wasn't slippery; I was very careful about that. My heel slipped on the vinyl and down I went. They had to remove my kneecap. It was a three-hour operation.

After that accident in her Costa Mesa, Calif., home three years ago, Zayda Hanberry sought \$36,000 in damages. Mrs. Hanberry, a retired dancer and movie bit player in her 60s, claimed that the heels of her new shoes were unsafe on vinyl floors. She not only sued the store that had sold her the shoes but also haled the wholesaler into court along with the Hearst Corp., which had given the shoes its *Good Housekeeping* Consumer's Guarantee Seal.

To many housewives, that seal—successor to the *Good Housekeeping* Seal of Approval—has long symbolized quality. Not many buyers are aware that only products advertised in *Good Housekeeping* qualify for the imprimatur. In fact, Hearst does not guarantee that the merchandise is safer or better than competing products of comparable price. "We satisfy ourselves that products advertised in *Good Housekeeping* are good ones," says the publisher, "and that the advertising claims made for them in our magazine are truthful."

"Misrepresentation." The fine print on the seal promises only that Hearst will replace a defective product that it endorses or refund the buyer's money. Now, however, a three-judge state appeals court in San Diego has ruled in Mrs. Hanberry's case that the magazine may be sued for damages when goods that it guarantees cause injury.

Reversing a lower court that threw out the suit against Hearst, the justices declared that when a magazine endorses a product "for its own economic gain and for the purpose of encouraging and inducing the public to buy it," the publisher should be liable for "negligent misrepresentation."

To recover damages, Mrs. Hanberry must now try to prove to a trial court that *Good Housekeeping* did not conduct adequate tests to determine whether the shoes had slippery heels. Even if she does not collect, the decision may well enable other Californians to hold *Good Housekeeping* strictly accountable for the products that it "guarantees."

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Muscle and Mercy

While most student protesters focused on Moratorium demonstrations last week, some found energy for other causes. Officials responded with muscle, tempered with mercy. Items:

► At Fordham University in The Bronx, 36 students barricaded themselves inside the administration building for seven hours to protest the school's failure to abolish ROTC. The students used lead pipes and buckets of hot water to repulse unarmed campus guards but fled when city police arrived. They left behind ransacked offices and a white bed sheet with the word revolution scrawled across it in red. Six students were arrested, and at least six campus guards were injured, one seriously.

► At Michigan State University and the University of Notre Dame, students tried to mount demonstrations against General Electric recruiters to show solidarity with striking electrical workers. Both protests fizzled when only a handful of students (15 at Notre Dame, 13 at M.S.U.) turned out for the picket lines.

► At the University of Texas, police used clubs and Mae to disperse a crowd of 1,000 students and non-students who had gathered at the campus Union to protest a new decision that makes the Chuck Wagon snack bar off-limits for non-students. The decision was made by the student-dominated Union board following charges by the Austin district attorney that the snack bar was a hotbed of dope pushing and prostitution. This time the police were called by a student: Steve Van, 21, president of the

Union board. Eight demonstrators were arrested.

► At Yale University, 47 students suspended for occupying the personnel office were reinstated on disciplinary probation for the rest of the year. The building seizure was the first in Yale's recent history; intended to make officials retract the firing of a black woman cafeteria employee, it worked. Said Dean John Wilkinson, head of the undergraduate discipline committee, explaining the students' reinstatement: "This time, and this time only, we decided to show mercy."

UNIVERSITIES

The Man Who Cooled M.I.T.

"The institute came through a real test. Violence didn't succeed in radicalizing the student body, and peaceful dissent is stronger than ever. I believe this had significance for this institution—and for every other." So said Howard W. Johnson, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, reflecting last week on M.I.T.'s success in coping with the recent demonstrations against the institute's deep involvement in Pentagon-backed defense research (TIME, Nov. 14). The rainy New England weather helped to dampen the militants. But it was Johnson's own administrative acumen that defused what could have been the first major campus explosion of the new academic year.

Johnson's success was above all a triumph of face-to-face communication. The process really began last spring, when he suspended classes for a day and held a mass convocation to debate M.I.T.'s role in society. This fall, when



HOWARD JOHNSON

Active, visible and accountable.

he learned that militants were planning disruptions in November, he immediately began canvassing students and faculty—in dormitories, at informal "rap" sessions and on the street. Patiently explaining his position, he gathered support for a plan that will gradually shift a large portion of M.I.T.'s research from military to social needs.

Two weeks before the scheduled "militant action," Johnson asked the faculty to endorse the use of force if necessary to defend the campus—and received a standing ovation. Then, with a day to go, he obtained a court order restraining the demonstrators from violence. When the police finally moved against the demonstrators, it was the judge's responsibility, not M.I.T.'s.

Guiding Principle. A noted expert in personnel and industrial relations, Johnson, 47, has earned rare trust during his three years as president. Even his severest critics respect him deeply. Says linguist Noam Chomsky, the fervent antiwar leader: "He's an honest, honorable man." One reason Johnson inspires confidence is that he combines high energy with a low-key manner. "He's open-minded, unflappable, and doesn't get hooked on a single idea," says Provost Jerome Wiesner. Johnson, for example, laid down no rigid contingency plans for the demonstrations. His guiding principle, he says, was to stay flexible and avoid painting the administration into an ideological corner.

The son of an accountant at a steel mill, Johnson grew up in a tough Chicago neighborhood and studied economics at the city's Central College. After serving as an Army sergeant in Europe and Africa during World War II, he got an M.A. from the University of Chicago and joined the faculty, teaching economics and business management.

Lured to M.I.T. in 1955, Johnson became dean of the School of Industrial



THE MESS IN FORDHAM'S ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
Time out for familiar issues.



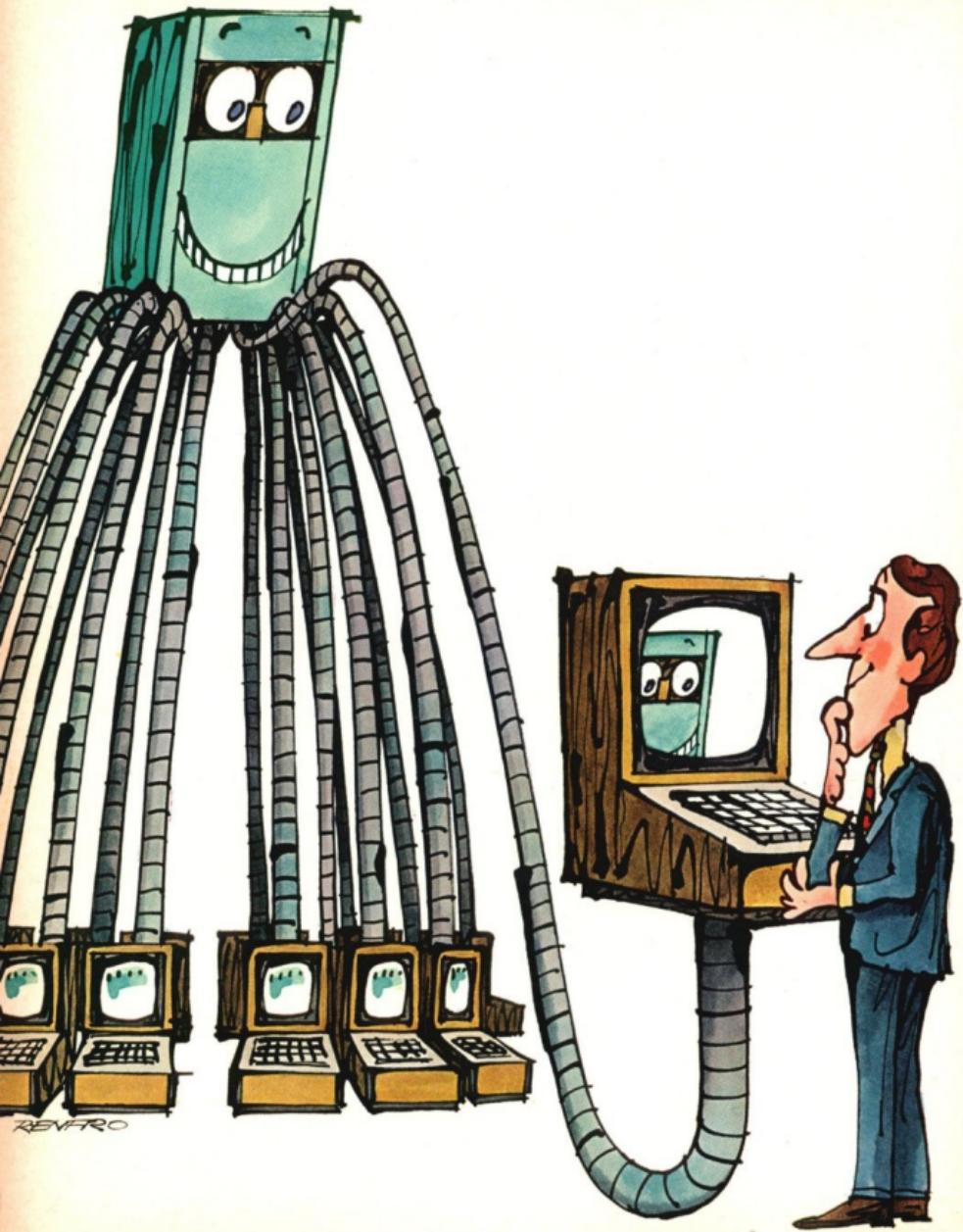
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It's RCA's Video Terminal. The Octopeeper. There's no better way to find facts, feed in facts, or solve problems. It's like a combination TV and typewriter. You see what you type. You see what the Octoputer says. Instantly. Clearly. In bright letters on the screen.

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Remote computing is the coming thing. That's why RCA is concentrating on it.

We got there first because it's based on communications.

The Octoputer puts us a whole generation ahead of our major competitor.

It can put you ahead of yours. And the Octopeeper is the best way to get to it. For more Octopeeper information, call RCA Computers at 609-424-2385.

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Nothing comes close to
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Seagram's Crown Royal is now conveniently located in America.

If you heard that Crown Royal is only sold in Canada you heard ancient history. Today you can buy this luxurious whisky practically anywhere in the States. Of course such a superior whisky has got to be priced higher than ordinary whisky. But a trip to the corner has got to be cheaper than a trip to the border.

Seagram's Crown Royal. The legendary Canadian. In the purple sack. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

Management in four years. By 1965, some of the challenge had gone out of the job, and he accepted an offer to become executive vice president of the Cincinnati-based Federated Department Stores. Before he had even settled into the new job, M.I.T. tapped him to be the Institute's twelfth president. Putting aside thoughts of stock options, executive bonuses and a six-figure salary, Johnson sold the Cincinnati house he had never lived in and resumed his academic career.

"A president should be active, visible and accountable," says Johnson, who agrees with Yale's Kingman Brewster that the performance of university presidents should be reviewed periodically—and ended if need be. Johnson arrives at his huge square desk by 8 a.m. and seldom returns home before midnight. He spends his evenings with students and faculty to keep up with their ideas, an activity he finds not unpleasant but time-consuming. "Those who want to see me come to the office," he says, "but I have to go out and find the people I want to see."

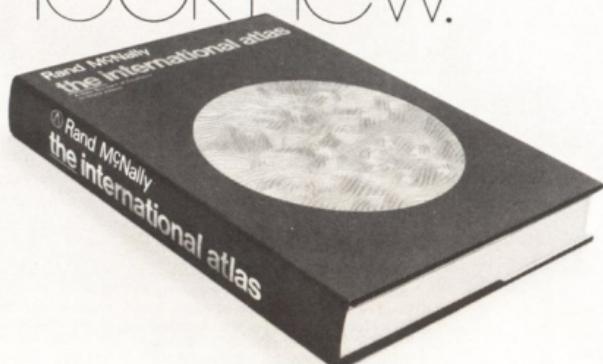
Johnson has a quick sense of humor and is the first to chuckle at his campus nickname "Ho Jo," after the restaurant chain with 28 flavors of ice cream. Deep down, he is also pugnacious. During the demonstrations, he avoided his office, fearing that if the militants came to seize it, he would personally put up a tussle.

Reorienting Priorities. In calmer times, Johnson has been trying to redefine M.I.T.'s role in a fast-changing technological society. One of his main goals is to expand the social consciousness of future scientists and engineers. He has tried to make the curriculum as flexible as possible, with special emphasis on the humanities.

The proper role for research at M.I.T. is still Johnson's biggest problem. "The first task of this institute is education and research," he says, "and I don't differentiate between the two. The classroom and the laboratories are connected in a dynamic way." Though Johnson thinks that M.I.T., like the nation, is expending too many resources on defense work, he does not oppose all military research. Indeed, he considers it an essential deterrent to war. "This institute must constantly try to relate technology to man's purposes," he says. "And that means basic research for defense as well as a larger concern for other human needs."

Johnson concedes that reorienting M.I.T.'s research priorities away from the military and toward the civilian may prove as difficult as reorienting the nation's. Funds for social projects are not exactly pouring out of the Nixon Administration. Even so, Johnson is optimistic. "The big money isn't there now, but the interest is," he says, "and the money will be there when we need it." Realistically, thinks Johnson, the process of redirecting priorities will take three to five years.

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The world is new. Political boundaries, cities and place names continually change, but now Rand McNally's new International Atlas shows you the world in ways that give it new reality and meaning. The maps were created by a team of cartographers from many countries, each one contributing his special knowledge. In one section, for example, the major metropolitan areas of the world are shown, all on maps of equal scale, so you can compare their transportation patterns and even the sizes of their parks. Look for this Atlas wherever fine books are sold. Who else but a century-old company could make the world look new? **Rand McNally**, publishers, book manufacturers, mapmakers.



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Missal for Mammals

We are as gods and might as well get good at it.

That peremptory statement is the introduction to one of the year's most intriguing books, a \$4 quarto-sized paperback that, mainly by word of mouth, has become an underground bestseller.

Gods do not make bricks, of course—or build sun domes, or scramble for sassafras in the shrubbery of Central Park. But for people who do, or want to, the *Whole Earth Catalog* is an al-

memory—or a \$1.95 book of instructions on how to build one yourself. Want to start a commune? The *Whole Earth Catalog* lists how-to books on primitive house building (adobe huts, log cabins, tepees, metal domes constructed from jettisoned auto bodies), organic farming, sewage disposal, practical sociology. It also reprints a letter from a disillusioned former commune member who writes: "If the intentional community hopes to survive, it must be authoritarian, and if it is authoritarian, it offers no more freedom than conventional society. I am not pleased with this conclusion, but it now seems to me

ROBERT ISRAEL

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CREATOR BRAND

Consumers Report for the minorities of the cybernetic age.

most inexhaustible compendium. Although it is specifically aimed at "technological dropouts" (in the words of its authors), the catalogue's phenomenal success shows that it has a far vaster range of appeal. It is a sort of Sears, Roe-buck-*Consumer Report* for the minorities of the cybernetic age—from activists who want to improve the environment or create a utopian society to abdicants who simply want to write bad poetry in the woods.

In 128 pages, the catalogue lists more than 300 items, each of which may be ordered directly from the manufacturer or from the Whole Earth Truck Store in Menlo Park, Calif. They include books (mostly old), magazines (mostly new), potters' kick wheels, tape recorders, solar stills, Kaibab boots, programmed reading cards, natural foods, Aladdin lamps and a list of experimental schools compiled by John Holt, author of *How Children Fail*.

Do-It-Yourself Utopia. Want a computer? The catalogue offers a choice: a spiffy, \$4,900 Hewlett-Packard tabletop model with a 19-register magnetic core



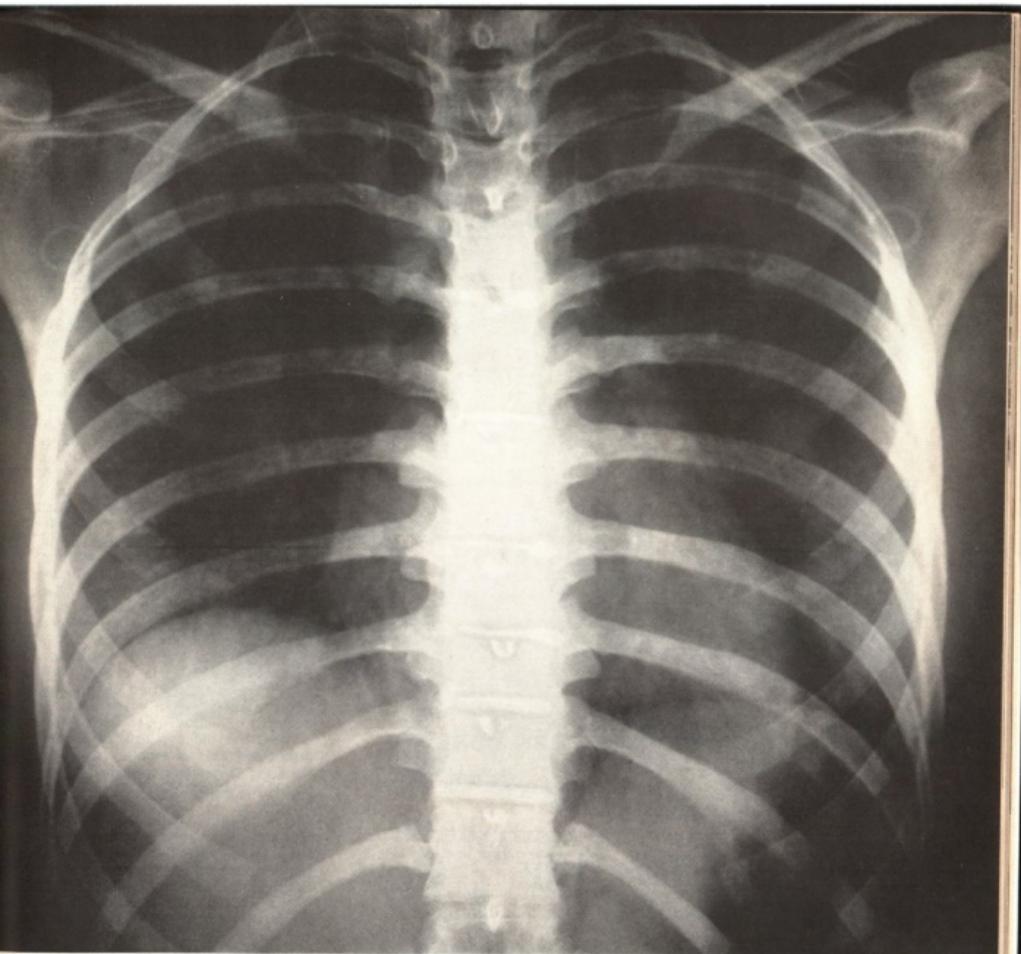
56

PAGE FROM CATALOG

that the only way to be free is to be alone."

The catalogue essentially mirrors the mind and esoteric interests of its creator, Stewart Brand, 30, a Stanford graduate (biology) and onetime member of Novelist Ken Kesey's acidulous Merry Pranksters. He has made a name for himself as a talented fantastical photographer and promoter.

Orders of Magnitude. In the summer of 1968, on a philanthropic whim, Brand loaded 40 books and assorted merchandise into a battered 1963 Dodge camper and toured New Mexico's hippie communes dispensing tools and practical advice to the new settlers. That original Truck Store turned a modest profit of \$300, and Brand decided to expand into a mail-order operation that would provide wider, more efficient dissemination of theory, fact and artifact. Working for months with a small staff of testers and contributors, he turned out a catalogue with a first print order of 2,000. The book quickly proved so popular that he issued a second edition of 30,000 last spring, will produce a



What would hurt most if you broke it? Your back or your bankbook?

The answer to that really depends on whether or not you can come up with a bundle of cash. A big bundle.

Because a broken back could cost you thousands of dollars. And then some. Certainly, a lot more than you might expect.

The point is, hospital bills are now so high, that even if you have some insurance, it's doubtful whether it could cover all your expenses.

So what can you do about it?

See a Continental agent about our new 'On Guard' accident and health insurance.

With this insurance, you'll be able to take care of those bills that are apt to come up if you're sick or hurt.

For example, under one of our policies you can choose a plan that will pay you up to \$400 a week for as long as 52 weeks when you're hospitalized. (This money can be used as you wish. For hospital, family or

personal expenses.)

Under another one of our policies, plans are available up to \$1000 a month for as long as a lifetime if you're ever disabled.

So if an accident or hospital stay would hurt your bankbook, get one of Continental's 'On Guard' accident and health insurance policies.

Then if you did break your back, it wouldn't cost you an arm and a leg.



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If he can't read music, he'll be missing something precious the rest of his life: a bit of inner peace that can be summoned up at will. An escape valve for the pressures of our world. A window to a calmer, more enjoyable kind of life.

Music. A magical gift.

And it's a gift you can give your child. The best way, of course, is to let him take piano lessons. Once you play piano, the way is paved to understand all music.

Naturally we hope you will buy a Yamaha instrument. The rich sound and responsive action of the Yamaha puts it in the first rank of the world's great pianos.

But we'd rather you buy another brand of piano than no piano at all.

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Ask your dealer about the Yamaha Music School



third, extensively revised version this month with a press run of 60,000.

"We're in an age of dinosaurs," says Brand. "It's best to be a mammal. Most of what we are doing here is to aid and abet the development of mammals." To that end, the catalogue lists and reviews instructional manuals in such arts as giving a massage ("People rubbing people is always nice. People rubbing people with skill is an order of magnitude nicer"), making beer and wine, building a classical guitar, *Film Making in Schools* ("How ziggety zag") and playing music on a computer.

Books are the single largest classification in the catalogue; they include works by a predictable pantheon of authors—Buckminster Fuller, Carl Jung, John Cage, Arthur Koestler—and some not so predictable. Particularly recommended are *Cosmic View*, a 1957 children's book by Dutch Schoolmaster Kees Boeke ("You advance in and out through the universe," says the blurb, "changing scale by a factor of ten") and *Stalking the Wild Asparagus*, Euell Gibbons' foraging guide to edible wild plants. There are "pop enlightenment" texts on yoga, sense relaxation, self-hypnosis and psycho-cybernetics. Among the catalogue's biggest sellers is *The Survival Book* by Nesbitt, Pond and Allen—"an excellent handbook for Air Force pilots downed in remote regions."

Foam-Rubber Swords. Nonliterary objects offered for sale in the *Whole Earth Catalog* range from the practical to the whimsical, from power tools and tractors to "Boffers"—\$11 foam-rubber swords that the catalogue calls "the first significant advance in weaponry since the encounter group." The Ashley Thermostatic Wood Burning Circulator is an \$80 Franklin stove, equipped with a thermostat, that will go up to twelve hours without refueling. The Inquiry Box is a \$19.96 gadget designed to teach theory building and theory testing: "By pulling and pushing the things that stick out and by poking around inside with a stick, you're supposed to figure out what arrangement of pulleys, pegs, springs and strings is inside." The Moog Synthesizer is an electronic music maker that sells for anywhere from \$3,500 to \$8,000, depending on the model: "The synthesizers are built slowly, and before each one goes out, it is left on for a week and then dropped on the floor. This procedure helps to locate any construction flaws."

Although the *Whole Earth Catalog* is selling briskly across the U.S. and abroad, it may soon become a collector's item. Brand plans to cease publication in 1971. "If by that time there aren't people and ideas around doing a better job than we have, then we'll have failed," he says. Brand expects to keep the Truck Store operating as a mail-order service, but his personal plans are indefinite—to say the least. "I may just spend a while having fantasies," he says. "But 1971 is a long time from now—like a generation."

can your child read?



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And Promptly Stop The Itching,
Relieve Pain In Most Cases.



A scientific research institute has discovered a medication with the ability, in most cases—to promptly stop burning itch and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In one hemorrhoid case after another very striking improvement was reported by doctors who conducted the tests. Pain and itching were promptly relieved. And while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Tests conducted on hundreds of

patients by doctors in New York City, in Washington, D.C. and at a Midwest Medical Center proved this so. And it was all done without narcotics or stinging astringents of any kind.

The secret is *Preparation H*. There is no other formula for the treatment of hemorrhoids like it! *Preparation H* also lubricates, soothes irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. *Preparation H* comes in ointment or suppository form. No prescription is needed.

Synergistic Stereo

RCA introduces a component system greater than the sum of its parts.



You don't have to run yourself ragged shopping for matched components for your Stereo system. Now you can buy an entire first-class component system from one manufacturer. Us.

It's synergistic stereo—RCA's new component series. There's nothing quite like it for great stereo.

All by RCA

Take our SS5000 above. All of its components are matched to work together for optimum performance and compatibility. Every one of them—the speakers, the tuner/amplifier, and the turntable—were designed and built by RCA. And as you would expect, we also give you extra features such as:

Computer Crafted Tuner

The SS5000 features RCA's high-performance Computer Crafted Stereo Tuner in the tuner/amplifier. It means great performance because it brings in hard-to-get FM/AM and FM Stereo stations and separates stations crammed together on the dial.

100 watts peak power

Put behind all this a tuner/amplifier with 100 watts of peak power.

This solid state stereo amp can handle everything from the massive tones of a pipe organ pedal to the delicate upper range of the piccolo. That's synergistic stereo for you.

Speakers in sealed enclosures

Each speaker unit houses a 10-inch woofer with an especially flexible rubber suspension called "Elastomer Surround"—a new technique in speaker construction.

Elastomer Surround provides greater depth and clarity to the bass tones, giving them such power they can actually blow out a match. The upper register is handled by two 3½-inch specially designed tweeters.

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The turntable on our SS5000 is a precision 4-speed instrument for automatic or manual playing. Its synchronous motor assures accurate

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And there's more

Our SS5000 is abundant with features such as our famous Feather Action Tone Arm, a Duralife® diamond stylus, a pause selector, muting switch, tape and earphone jack—and many others.

Lower priced models, too

There are three synergistic stereo systems in all. Our lower-priced models—the SS4000 and the SS3000 are more compact, with some of the same features as the SS5000.

We said they were greater than the sum of their parts. But why not pay a call to your RCA dealer and find out for yourself?

RCA

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty, President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



MILESTONES

Married. Julie Andrews, 34, Hollywood's merry money-magnet (*Mary Poppins*, *The Sound of Music*); and Blake Edwards, 47, director of Julie's recent film, *Darling Lili*; both for the second time; in Beverly Hills.

Married. Abeid Karume, 64, fire-breathing mandarin of the Revolutionary Council of Zanzibar and First Vice President of Tanzania; and Sada Abdalla-He, 14, a comely eighth-grade student; he for the fourth time; in a Moslem ceremony; in Zanzibar.

Died. Donald J. McParland, 40, president of British Newfoundland Corp. Ltd., the Canadian firm charged with developing the immense \$1 billion Churchill Falls hydroelectric complex in Newfoundland; in the crash of a company jet that claimed the lives of five other project executives; near Labrador City, Newfoundland. McParland's death was the second tragedy to strike the project, biggest of its kind in North America; his predecessor, Donald Gordon, died of a heart attack last May.

Died. Iskander Mirza, 70, Pakistan's first President, whose troubled two years in office were marked by corruption, famine and near bankruptcy and ended with a military coup by General Mohammed Ayub Khan in 1958; of a heart attack; in London.

Died. Ferdinand Eberstadt, 79, Wall Street financier and one of the early masters of the corporate merger; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. Once described as "a man whose manner is pleasantly abrasive, like a rough towel after a cold shower," Eberstadt was an enormously successful investment banker (F. Eberstadt & Co., Inc.) and mutual-fund pioneer (Chemical Fund), but his greatest fame came from his ability to help arrange some of industry's biggest mergers over the years: Dodge and Chrysler, United Artists and Transamerica Corp., Douglas Aircraft and McDonnell Aircraft and, on the day of his death, Northeast and Northwest Airlines.

Died. Harry Scherman, 82, a founder of the Book-of-the-Month Club, whose skillful use of advertising and the U.S. mails revolutionized book distribution; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. Convinced that the growing demand for books could best be met through mail-order sales (few people were near bookshops, he reasoned, but everyone was near a post office), Scherman in 1926 founded the club with Maxwell Sackheim and Robert Haas; initial subscription was 4,750 and jumped tenfold within a year. Scherman guided the company's expansion into phonograph records and art reproductions; at his death the club boasted 1,000,000 members and annual sales of \$40 million.

If you're a manager, you probably wish half the people reporting to you would be more practical and realistic. And the other half could probably use more theory in their approach to problem solving.

But even with all the motivational research and behavioral science resources in the world, not every employee could be transformed into the ideal blend.

And they shouldn't be. Every company needs both kinds. The pragmatists of the world get its work done — and that's vital. The theoreticians help by showing how it might be done an nth degree better — and creative discontent is the stuff of which progress is made.

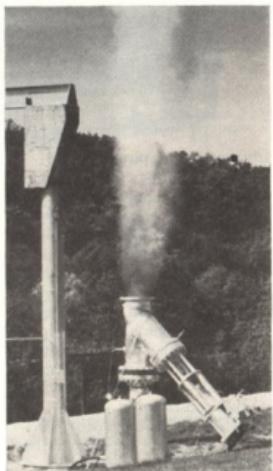
Since we're a technologically oriented company, we've compared the job of managing to force vector analysis: practical and theoretical people, properly directed and motivated, give a company a thrust and direction neither type alone could achieve. And as the diagram shows, there's no way to tell which force made the more important contribution.

40 Years in one week: Our Rockwell-Edward valves for nuclear power plant service are made to tough specifications — and tested hard, too. One test (shown) checks their operation under far higher pressures than they'll ever meet. Another opens and closes them 16,000 times: the equivalent of 40 years of wear — in just one week.

Professional plaudits: Allen F. Rhodes, our vice president in charge of research and engineering, has just been elected to the presidency of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. This recognition by the world-wide association of some 60,000 engineers caps his many, varied contributions to ASME and other professional engineering groups over the years.

And coupled with his engineering credentials is Allen's management experience: he was president of McEvoy Co. before its acquisition by Rockwell in 1963. Quite a guy, our Mr. Rhodes. We think ASME is lucky to have him; we know we are.

There are a lot of strings to Rockwell's bow: 28 basic product lines give substance to the "multi-product company" identity most people assign us. An interesting look at the technolo-

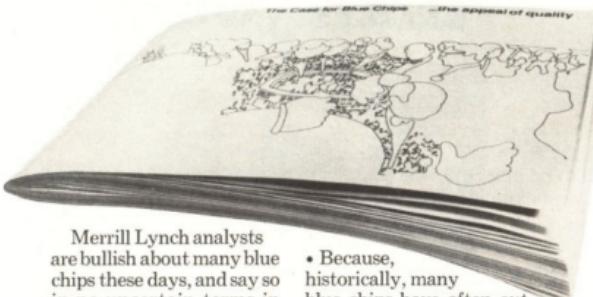


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You'll find all the major facts and reasoning in this new Merrill Lynch study—plus specific whys, wherefores, and prospects of *forty* blue chip companies that Merrill Lynch analysts think may be in a particularly good position to register strong gains in a market upswing.

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AQ

Your wife's office is probably better equipped than yours.

It used to be, the American housewife had as hard a time doing her job as the American businessman has doing his.

She took so long getting each thing done, she rarely had time to get everything done.

But then she got smart. She discovered that machines could do a lot of the routine work she was doing. And give her time to do a lot more than just routine work.

So she simply put them in her office.

And by comparison, put her husband's office twenty to thirty years out of date. At IBM, we have a family of machines that can help the businessman catch up. They're called word processing machines.

Just two of them, for example, can help move ideas from a businessman's mind through his secretary's typewriter 50% faster.

With IBM dictation equipment, a businessman can dictate an idea four times faster than he can write it in longhand. And nearly twice as fast as his secretary can write it in shorthand.

Which means that his mind can contribute four ideas in the time it now takes for one or two.

As for his secretary, she can use the remarkable new IBM Mag Card Selectric Typewriter.

With the Mag Card Selectric, she never has to stop to erase or completely retype a page. If she makes a mistake, she types right over it. If her boss makes a revision, she types just the revision.

So she has time for a lot more typing, or a lot of other more interesting work.

And these aren't the only ways we can help. We also make other office equipment, such as the IBM Selectric Composer.

By simply typing on the Composer, a secretary actually sets type, making your typewritten reports look like printed reports. And cutting your reproduction time and costs by as much as 35%.

Tonight, before you do the work you couldn't finish in your office, take a good look at your wife's office.

Maybe you'll get the idea to call an IBM Office Products Division Representative.

Machines should work. People should think.

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BUSINESS



ASSAULT SHIPS UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN LOCKHEED'S SEATTLE YARD

THE NAVY'S TURN TO SQUIRM

DEFENSE contractors have long been under fire for the steadily rising costs of their major products, including tanks, helicopters and notably the C-5A jet transport. So far, the suppliers to the U.S. Navy have escaped relatively unscathed. Now, however, the details of shocking cost overruns in the Navy's shipbuilding program are surfacing. In secret testimony before a House subcommittee, to be released before year's end, Navy Secretary John Chafee has estimated that Navy overruns of the past dozen years may have totaled \$800 million. Other experts calculate the amount to be closer to \$1 billion.

Navy money keeps U.S. shipbuilders afloat. It accounts for 85% of their business, which has attracted major aerospace contractors and conglomerates, including Lockheed Aircraft, Litton Industries and Ogdens Corp. The builders are now vying for some of the richest contracts in history. Early next year the Navy will award one builder a \$2,270,000,000 contract for 30 destroyers. That will be followed eventually by an order for another 32, worth \$2,032,000,000.

Chonging in Midstream. In this atmosphere of controversy and competition, TIME Washington Correspondent Mark Sullivan investigated the Navy's cost problem and its plans for coping with it. "The Navy's request for funds to build the new ships comes hard on the heels of a disastrous record of mismanagement," he reports. "While the Air Force's C-5A had a cost overrun of some 25%, the Navy's overrun in some cases has amounted to 50% and even 100% of contracts and budget estimates. On orders from Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, the Navy is now making a clean breast of its troubles and asking for a fresh start."

Inflation accounts for about two-fifths of the excess costs. A bigger factor has

been the Navy's operating methods. Since the days of sail, the service has always designed its own ships, contracting with many firms for hull and equipment and changing specifications and ordering new gear while a vessel was being built. The ships have been much better for the changes, but, as Lockheed Executive Vice President Robert Waters says: "Better ships cost more money, and ships that are not built in an orderly manner are bound to have cost increases." The Navy owns up to its share of the blame. "Some of this was mismanagement," says Admiral Ignatius J. Galanfin, the chief of shipbuilding. "There were inadequacies of design. We were outreaching the state of the art."

Double Profit. The Navy, of course, is not wholly at fault. Rear Admiral Edward J. Fahy complained at congressional hearings last May that "shipbuilders are insisting on more than twice the profits they previously accepted." For example, General Electric demanded and got a 13% profit margin on a cost-plus-fee contract for turbine electric-drive equipment for submarines. The Navy had based its original estimate on a profit allowance of 6.9%, the average that the Pentagon pays for this kind of equipment. The Navy also discovered that it had far less negotiating clout than might be expected by a huge purchaser. Manufacturers, Fahy testified, "give the civilian electrical utilities more attention than we get."

The admirals also suspect that they have been victimized by the practice of "buy-in," long familiar to the aircraft and electronics industries. A company "buying in" enters a low bid to get a military contract, then submits enough overrun claims later to turn a handsome profit. The Navy, too, is guilty of a form of buy-in. It submits to Congress fairly low requests for funds, then returns for more to pay overruns.

The overruns have immersed the whole Navy in a sea of red ink. Among the most expensive items:

► A new destroyer escort pleased the Navy so much on paper that the admirals ordered 46 in all—14 from Todd Shipyards, five from Lockheed, and 27 from Ogdens Corp.'s Avondale subsidiary, which departs from tradition by launching its ships sideways, into the Mississippi River at New Orleans. After the ships were ordered, specifications were drawn and redrawn as the admirals sought scientific perfection—or were sold on new electronic gadgets. Many important parts were only in the development stage and thus arrived late at the assembly sites. Todd delivered the first ship last March, 16 months late, and to date has collected overrun claims of \$96.5 million. Lockheed is claiming \$45 million in overrun costs and Avondale \$137 million. Altogether, the destroyer escorts, originally budgeted for \$510 million, will wind up costing taxpayers close to \$800 million.

► Huge and highly advanced amphibious landing craft, each equipped with a below-deck unloading ramp and a helicopter flight deck, will be built by Litton Industries' Ingalls division at Pascagoula, Miss. Last May the company signed a \$1 billion contract for nine vessels. Costs have already escalated, largely because of design changes. The first ship alone will cost \$185 million, compared with the \$143 million appropriated for it last year.

► The nuclear-powered carrier *Nimitz*, now under construction at Newport News, Va., was estimated to cost \$427 million when work began in mid-1968. Design was not complete when the contract was signed; Some deliveries of parts were late, and the builder's costs went up. Overruns now exceed \$116 million, and the Navy has no choice but to settle up. Newport News Shipbuilding



REUTERS

LAUNCHING SIDEWAYS AT AVONDALE *About on a par with the railroads.*

and Dry Dock Co., owned by the Houston-based conglomerate Tenneco, is the only yard in the U.S. big enough to put together carriers of the *Nimitz* class.

► Assault ships, designed to launch landing craft and helicopters, are being built at Lockheed's Seattle yard. The seven ships were priced at \$25 million each when the contract was signed in 1963. There have been many design changes, late delivery of gear, and the usual toll of inflation. Lockheed has not yet submitted its claim for what promises to be a large overrun, and the Navy is keeping its own estimate secret—while budgeting for the assault ships in its total overrun account.

► Nuclear attack submarines, being built at half a dozen yards, were originally priced at \$2.7 billion for a group of 39. That has risen to more than \$3 billion, partly because suppliers increased their prices.

Riches for One. The Navy has overhauled its purchasing system—in which the Navy designed the ships and then contracted piecemeal for the hull and equipment—in hopes of preventing overruns in the future. The old, costly system is scheduled to change with next year's contract for 30 destroyers. The whole \$2,270,000,000 job will go to one of just two bidders: Bath Iron Works in Maine or Litton Industries. Under a new "total package procurement" plan, originally put into effect by former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, the Navy will get out of ship designing entirely. The admirals will provide only the general specifications for the destroyers; the contractor will design the ship from the keel up, subcontract for the electronic equipment and even decide how many sailors will be needed to man the vessels. The builder will thus be able to plan ahead and mod-

ernize management and production techniques that now are, as one yard operator acidly puts it, "about on a par with the railroads."

Though some builders doubt that a big ship can ever be fully designed ahead of time, the Navy is resolved to reform. Its Naval Material Command was reorganized in May. Navy project managers henceforth will be held personally responsible for the accuracy of cost estimates, and any new additions to ships under construction must be matched by deletions. Still, at least one high shipyard executive doubts whether it will all work. "The Navy has not got the talent to manage a program the way it would like to," says he. "As well-meaning a group as the admirals are, you cannot find a topnotch management guy there. The Navy does not pay enough to attract or keep this kind of talent."

To make up for past mistakes and prevent overrun claims, the Navy has already cut back its destroyer-escort program by ten ships, and is scrapping plans for several other vessels, all at the cost of hefty cancellation fees. The new building program seems more shipshape. The Nixon Administration has recommended granting the first half of the Navy's request of \$35 billion for new ships over the next ten years. Two weeks ago, a joint Senate-House conference reported out an authorization bill that gave the Navy all of the \$2.8 billion that it requested for fiscal 1970.

INFLATION

The Latest Victim

Died. The 5¢ Hershey Bar; of acute inflation; in Hershey, Pa. Born in 1903, the nickel chocolate bar became a U.S. institution and generated the growth of Hershey Foods Corp. (assets: \$208 million). It survived wars, depressions and rising taxes, but suffered from weight loss in recent years, shrinking from 1 oz. to $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Last week, a victim of the rising cost of cocoa beans, it went the way of the penny licorice stick and, increasingly, the nickel pack of chewing gum. Henceforth, the least expensive Hershey Bar will cost a dime.

LABOR

Where Have All the Busboys Gone?

Though the U.S. is no longer a nation of immigrants, the continuing influx of foreigners—1,600,000 in the past five years—still plays a considerable part in shaping the country's social, intellectual and economic life. The nation's highly technical economy needs relatively few immigrant laborers: as rising unemployment indicates, there is not enough work for unskilled Americans. But with industry's chronic shortage of specialists, foreigners who have skills are in demand. The 1952 McCarran-Walter Act, which tied quotas to the national and racial elements already in the U.S., arbitrarily barred great num-

bers of blacks, Orientals and Southern Europeans, no matter what their skills. To right that inequity, and to satisfy the changing job needs of the economy, Congress in 1965 passed a law that in most cases admits immigrants on the basis of their skills or close relationship to U.S. citizens. For all its good intentions, the law has made it even tougher for many foreigners—even those equipped with special skills—to enter the U.S.

Last week the House Judiciary Committee heard testimony from representatives of Gillette, IBM, Procter & Gamble and other firms in favor of several bills that would sidestep the law by allowing aliens on temporary visas to hold permanent jobs. At present, most visa holders cannot remain in the U.S. for more than 18 months. This week representatives of organized labor will appear before the committee to argue against the bills. Another joint Senate-House bill aimed at correcting some of the law's more obvious flaws will be introduced this week by Senator Edward Kennedy and Ohio Congressman Michael A. Feighan.

Call for Guides. The present law has a special twist for Latin Americans and Canadians. For the first time, it set a limit on their immigration (120,000 a year), but it established no job-preference guides. The quota has been oversubscribed, and more than half the applicants are domestics and other unskilled workers. One result: Canadian firms and U.S. companies doing business in Canada can no longer transfer personnel to the U.S. for training or new assignments without a long wait. The Kennedy-Feighan bill would create a preference system favoring those with skills and management ability. This would put a tight limit on domestics and doubtless raise a howl from house-

U.S. IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION SERVICE



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wives already complaining about the overly bureaucratic difficulties of importing live-in maids.

Congress did provide specific job criteria—along with an annual quota of 170,000—for countries outside the Western Hemisphere. The law gives first call to spouses and unmarried children of U.S. citizens. So many of them applied from certain countries, mainly Italy and the Philippines, that skilled workers were left on a 17-month waiting list. The new bill would relieve the pressure by lowering the percentage of relatives admitted, creating more openings for workers with special abilities.

Help Wanted. A particularly touchy element in the present law is the power that it gives the Department of Labor to determine what skills entitle a foreigner to an immigration permit. The department has long been sympathetic to U.S. unions' fear of foreign workers. Only specialists—nuclear engineers, copersmiths, watchmakers—and immigrants with occupations in short supply can get the department's approval. The department has compiled a list of 40 unskilled occupations known as Schedule B—busboys, taxi drivers, porters—that are banned. Ireland, with its largely unskilled population, has been among the hardest hit under this arrangement. Irish immigration to the U.S. is down to 500 people annually, compared with 7,000 a few years ago.

Congressional critics, mainly of Irish descent, argue that the Labor Department is overzealous in administering Schedule B. Congressman Feighan notes that newspapers are constantly running want ads for types of workers banned by the department. He has introduced a separate bill that would scrap the nationwide ban on Schedule B workers and permit them to enter local markets, where they are needed.

There are more than 100 bills now before Congress that would bend, twist or scrap the present law, many introduced by legislators with special interests in mind. One bill would gain quota exemptions for 7,500 tailors, and another would open the door to 5,000 Sicilians. In a particularly deft political balancing act, Manhattan Congressman William F. Ryan has introduced two bills—one would admit more Irishmen, the other would bring in 3,000 Iraqi Jews.

Integrating the Cockpit

Airline pilots' jobs are among the highest-paying in all U.S. business—and, until recently, among the hardest for Negroes to land. Only an estimated 51 of the roughly 35,000 pilots of the major U.S. airlines are black. Now would-be Negro pilots will gain a new ally. Trial Attorney F. Lee Bailey announced that he will open a flying school for blacks near Boston on Jan. 1, with an initial class of 25. He intends "to force a showdown with the airlines, which are not hiring black pilots on grounds that they cannot find a 'qualified man.' My guys will be qualified."

AIRLINES Mating Season for Big Birds

The operations of your company reflect a continued pattern of growth, which is characteristically expensive.

That opening line in Northeast Airlines' 1968 annual report ought to win a corporate-euphemism award. Almost since its first flight in 1933, Northeast has been a kind of New Haven Railroad of the skies. It made a profit only once in the past twelve years—in 1966, when a strike grounded competitors. Otherwise, it lost up to \$10 million annually. Last week, however, "The All-Steak Airline" became a pioneer of sorts. After numerous unsuccessful efforts to sell Northeast, Storer Broadcasting Co., which owns 86% of the stock, induced Northwest Airlines to take it. The merger would be the first



among U.S. trunk lines since United acquired Capital in 1961, and could set off a new round of airline consolidations.

Fare Sale. For Storer, which acquired its Northeast stock from Hughes Tool Co. in 1965, the deal makes sense. True, Northwest will give up only one share of its stock, worth about \$35, for five Northeast shares, which traded at a total of almost \$70 just before the announcement. Individual shareholders in Northeast will take a drubbing, and they have started to organize and protest; but even at the fire-sale price, Storer will get out with a profit. It has put \$35 million into Northeast, and will receive Northwest stock currently worth around \$38 million, plus a Northwest promise to repay with interest a \$10 million Storer loan to Northeast.

The big question is what Northwest, which is the most profitable of the eleven U.S. trunk lines, wants with the money-losing carrier. St. Paul-based Northwest has earned more than \$50 million in each of the past three years, flying high on routes that link the U.S. East and West coasts with the Orient. Boston-based Northeast is an odd amalgam of New England regional service, commuter runs to New York and Washington and vacation routes to Florida,

Bermuda and the Bahamas. Its services to the South attract heavy traffic in the winter months, and little but heavy expenses the rest of the year.

A couple of reasons for the merger are that Northwest President Donald Nyrop, a first-class administrator who was once chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, will pick up Northeast's jets for a bargain price and get a tax-loss carry forward estimated at \$17 million for his company. Northwest, which earns most of its profits in the spring and summer, also could use Northeast's cold weather vacation traffic. In addition, Northeast's new Miami-Los Angeles run will tie in neatly with Northwest's newly granted routes to Hawaii and Japan.

\$62,000 a Year. Similar logic is likely to spur other airline mergers, if the CAB approves the Northwest-Northeast combination as expected. Airline profits

DON GETSUG—RAPHD-SILLUETTE



have been dropping since early 1968, and Pan Am, TWA, Eastern and Western have skipped dividends this year. The volume of air travel is no longer rising as fast as the lines' ballooning expenses. American, for example, is about to sign a contract that will grant senior pilots a \$62,000 annual salary for 70 hours of flying a month on the jumbo 747 jets. Pan Am and TWA are both looking for domestic acquisitions; TWA was bidding for Northeast until two weeks ago. Eastern, which lost more than \$2,000,000 in this year's first nine months, is ripe for a merger. It will face stronger competition on its Florida runs from Northeast backed by Northwest's money. The names of Delta, Continental and Braniff also come up in merger talk in Washington and on Wall Street.

The CAB appears sympathetic. Vice Chairman Whitney Gilliland said last week that "the public would be better served, and at lower fares" if some local-service carriers merged with trunk lines. The CAB's new chairman, Secor Brown, has privately told airline executives that a series of mergers among trunk lines is inevitable.

The attitude of the Justice Department, which could challenge mergers

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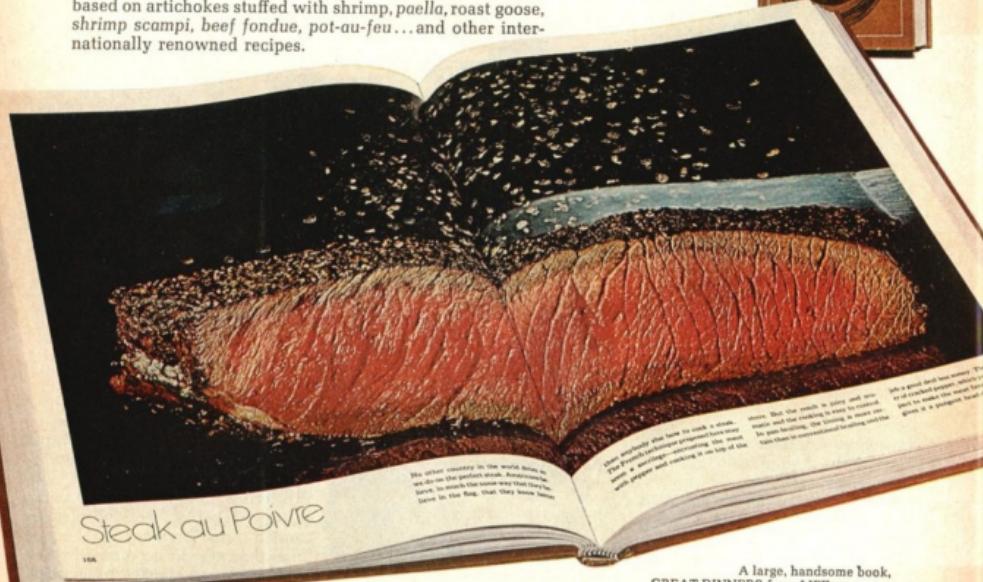
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that the CAB approves, is less certain. The Northwest-Northeast tie is the kind of rescue of a failing company that Attorney General John Mitchell is inclined to approve. But Mitchell has been taking a tough line against mergers of major companies generally. Some airline executives fear that he may oppose any consolidations of the largest systems—however beneficial the tie-ups seem to both financial men and passengers. In a large number of cases, such a refusal would leave three or four airlines flying mostly empty planes over the same routes.

METALS

The Big Nickel Shortage

Nickel, the lowly metal commonly associated with the U.S. 5¢ piece, has become a philosopher's stone for speculators. On the London Metal Exchange, the main international market, a pound of nickel last week brought \$7.70—about five times more than a year ago. The price was bid to incredible levels by the worst global shortage since World War II.

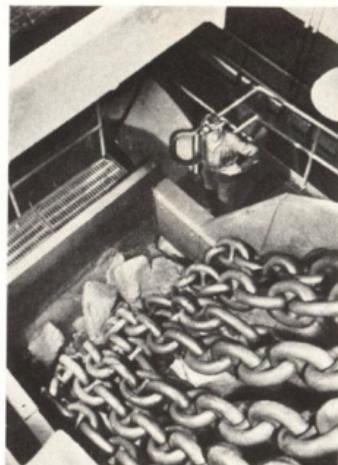
The immediate cause of the scarcity was a four-month strike at International Nickel Co., which mines well over half of the West's nickel, mostly from the ore fields at Sudbury, Ont. Last week union negotiators and Inco reached a tentative but shaky agreement that would increase the average hourly pay of workers from \$3.10 to \$3.98 over three years. If finally accepted, the Inco deal would also be the basis for ending a parallel work stoppage at Falconbridge Nickel Mines, a smaller Ontario firm. Even after work is resumed, however, the delivery pipeline will not be refilled for at least five months, and the scarcity will continue.

Appeal to Moscow. A vital element in advanced technology, nickel provides the strength and heat resistance needed for alloys used in jet engines and nuclear reactors. The noncorroding quality that it gives to stainless steel also makes nickel indispensable in spacecraft and SST airliners. The non-Communist world uses 830 million pounds of nickel yearly, and the total has been growing by 10% a year.

Britain, which depends almost wholly on Canadian nickel, has been hurt worst. The country faces what the London Times calls "one of the gravest raw materials crises since wartime controls." Stainless-steel prices have climbed 35% since August. Rolls-Royce is reclaiming the metal from scrapped engines, and some auto manufacturers will probably cut down on nickel-bearing chromium trim. Lord Melchett, head of the British Steel Corp., has appealed to the Soviets, who also produce nickel, to sell more of it.

In the U.S., the Government has drawn on its stockpile and has begun allocating 9,000,000 lbs. of nickel for defense use. The U.S. may be forced to look for a shiny substitute for the metal that goes into dimes and quarters and makes up 25% of the content of nickels. Thefts of nickel from private warehouses have become common. Manufacturers in civilian markets are in a constant scramble for nickel, some of them patronizing a black market and paying as much as \$9 a pound. Small businessmen have taken the hardest beating; they did not have the capital to lay in large supplies before the strike. Eventually, consumers will have to pay more for carving knives, stainless-steel golf clubs, snowmobiles, faucet handles and other nickel-bearing products.

The Search Goes On. Even before the Canadian strike, supplies of nickel were short. Inco, whose executives concede that production has not kept up



CRUSHING NICKEL ORE IN ONTARIO
Philosopher's stone for speculators.

with demand, is now spending about \$150 million annually to increase its Canadian output from last year's 450 million pounds to 600 million in 1972. This capital outlay is larger than the \$144 million that Inco earned after taxes on its sales of \$767 million last year.

Canada will continue to be the world's main supplier for the next few years, but enough new sources will be opened up by the mid-1970s to reduce the leverage of the Ontario unionists, who have a habit of striking at the expiration of each three-year contract. Inco has acquired concessions in Guatemala and Indonesia. The French firm of Le Nickel is mining in New Caledonia. Most important, recent discoveries show



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November 14, 1968.

that Western Australia may some day rival Ontario as a "nickel province." For the moment, however, anyone who has a source of nickel can make a mint.

MONEY

Bullion Break

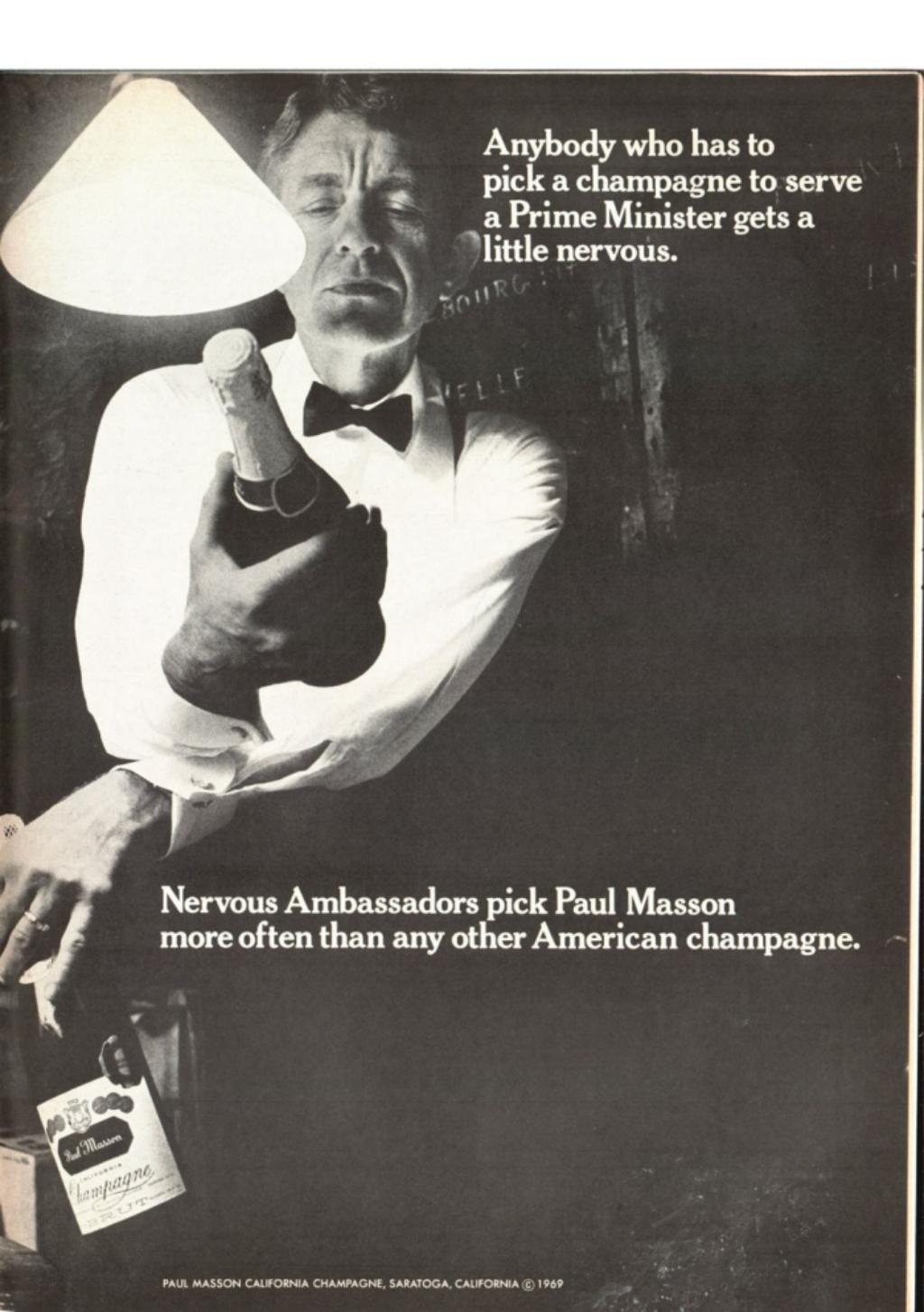
One of the important advances in international relations this year is that the Western nations have surmounted their currency crises and, largely as a result of the French devaluation and German revaluation, entered a new period of monetary tranquillity. The world's confidence in the value of paper money is measured by the volatile free-market price of gold: the higher the price, the greater the doubts among investors as to the worth of currencies. Since last month's upward revaluation of the West German mark, gold has dropped abruptly. From an early October level of \$41.20 an oz., the price in London sank last week to as low as \$37.75 an oz. The price break was the sharpest since private gold trading was freed from the \$35-an-oz. official price of the metal in March 1968.

Hoarders have been unloading their accumulated holdings, and there are reports among bankers that the Soviets are selling gold in the West. For the first time in years, there is no significant speculation against any important European currency or the U.S. dollar.

Squeezing South Africa. The falling gold price puts South Africa in a particularly uncomfortable position. South African mines provide 77% of the non-Communist world's gold output, but as part of a 1968 pact, central banks agreed to stop buying the metal. That strategy was intended to force South Africa to sell all its gold on the free market, thus depressing the price. South Africa tried to break the embargo but found only Portugal and some Middle East sheikdoms willing to risk the wrath of the major monetary powers by purchasing newly mined gold.

Now South Africa's trade deficit is growing. The country must either sell more surplus gold to pay for imports or reduce them and invite domestic inflation. Some European bankers have been urging the U.S. to relax its opposition to South African gold sales for official reserves. Washington has rebuffed that idea, but last week Paul Volcker, Treasury Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs, suggested that if South African trade deficits grow to worrisome proportions, the country might instead sell some gold to the International Monetary Fund. After all, the IMF's main mission is to promote stability in the international monetary system. By allowing South Africa only a small official outlet for its metal and forcing it to make most of its sales on the private market, the U.S. obviously hopes to squeeze the private price of gold closer to the \$35-an-oz. official level. So far that is just what is happening.

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NEW MOVIES

The Crack-up

The Arrangement is the ironic title of Elia Kazan's novel of life at the top. Superficially, Eddie Anderson has neatly compartmentalized his California career: the nagging wife in the giant house, the piquant mistress in the tidy pad. The big advertising job for loot, the little magazine articles for integrity. But below the skin everything is in disarray: the marriage is passionless and the mistress has a talent for gelding. Eddie's work—and ultimately his whole life—is a monumental counterfeit. Hence Eddie's lengthy crack-up and his flight back East to redemption.

The film version, produced, directed and written by Kazan, offers new ironies. On the surface, *The Arrangement* is just that; actors were hired, a script



DUNAWAY & DOUGLAS IN "ARRANGEMENT"
Nowhere to grow.

prepared, film shot. But the result is a convulsive derangement of style and execution. As Eddie, Kirk Douglas displays all the external verities—the straining for vanished youth, the mindless drive, the conflict of narcissism and self-loathing. But since he begins at a manic, deafening level, he has nowhere to grow. He is not alone. Under Kazan's pressure, shouts substitute for drama, and confrontations are endlessly repeated in place of plot. As Eddie's wife, Deborah Kerr is restricted to arias of self-sorrow; as her rival, Faye Dunaway is properly erotic, but she turns her siren to a fever pitch and leaves it there for two hours.

The rest of the cast seems chosen with destructive whimsy. The admens

are run-it-up-the-flagpole vaulters who were long ago caricatured to dramatic death. Whatever the novel's faults, the scenes between Eddie and his senile Greek father were legitimate and moving. In the film, the patriarch is heavily overplayed by Richard Boone, whose accent is a festival of grunts. The Andersons' family lawyer was also a key character in the novel; Hume Cronyn plays the part as a nasal sneak on the order of Maxwell Smart.

Gored by Jackols. Customarily, such misinterpretations could be yawned away with the rest of the film. But Director Kazan has been responsible for some of the most sustained and disciplined performances in the American cinema—including Marlon Brando's *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *On the Waterfront* and Anthony Quinn's *Viva Zapata!* In *The Arrangement*, he has not even managed to keep intact the surface—much less the mood—of his own book. At one moment it is painfully obvious symbolism: a television program, for instance, shows a giraffe being gored by a pack of jackals just before the admens come to see Eddie. At another it is daytime soap opera, as Eddie's mistress tersely barks: "I'm trying to clean you out of me." In between, Kazan wedges scenes from his 1963 movie *America America*, includes maladroit trick shots of Eddie lecturing himself on morals, and even throws in a couple of camp, ersatz *Batman* shots during an imaginary fight, with pow! and BIFF! cluttering the screen.

The Arrangement has been appraised as semi-autobiography. If so, it signals trouble far more disturbing than anything told in the script. After this *Arrangement*, the only way to true redemption is for all concerned to make another movie—fast.

Cyclamate Substitute

Almost by definition, the several segments of an "anthology" film are forced to huddle under a thematic umbrella. Most often, the umbrella is a single author, as in O. Henry's *Full House*, or Somerset Maugham's *Quartet, Trio and Encore*. Or Truman Capote's *Trilogy*. In Capote's case, the effect is magnified by Director Frank Perry (*Last Summer*), working from scenarios by his wife Eleanor in collaboration with the author.

In *Miriam*, a ghost tale in the manner of Henry James, a loquacious Nanny (Mildred Natwick) is persecuted by a dead-eyed little girl (Susan Dunfee). Capote, who wrote the story at the age of 17, may be excused for an inability to distinguish between the gothic and the baroque. The Perrys, who clutter the episode with hollow scenes, flat performances and melodramatic terror-music, cannot be so easily let off.

Among the Paths to Eden, by contrast, makes much of its plainness. A widower, Ivor Belli (Martin Balsam),



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STAPLETON & BALSAM IN "TRILOGY"

Surface for substance.

brings flowers to his wife's grave. Tending her father's nearby tombstone, Mary O'Meaghan (Maureen Stapleton) strikes up a conversation. Within moments, it is obvious that the meeting was no accident—the female mourner has been haunting the cemetery because it is a convenient place to meet unattached men. When Belli confesses that he has a mistress, Mary O'Meaghan bids him polite farewell—and pursues another widower taking another path to *his* wife's graveside.

Stapleton and Balsam are two of the most seasoned professionals in show business; both listen and react with a skill that lends the slender script warmth and pathos. They receive scant help from the Perrys. In the original story, Belli, despite his name, is Jewish. Here he is simply "Russian." In the story, Miss O'Meaghan sits atop a gravestone and imitates Helen Morgan singing *Don't Ever Leave Me*—and is interrupted by a file of shocked Negro mourners. Here she is given a bland song (lyrics supplied by Eleanor Perry because rights to the original were prohibitively expensive) and is interrupted by shocked whites. The erosion of such fine details leaves the viewer with admiration for performances rather than the movie; for surface rather than substance.

A Christmas Memory should need no introduction; it has become a seasonal television favorite, something like *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*. As Capote's simple-minded cousin, Geraldine Page acts with unforced poignance. She is totally enveloped by the author's narration, which contains such passages of ostentatious sensitivity as "I keep searching the sky. As if I expected to see, rather like hearts, a lost pair of kites hurrying toward heaven." Those people who have been forced to give up cyclamates may find this an admirable substitute.

Passion in the Pigsty

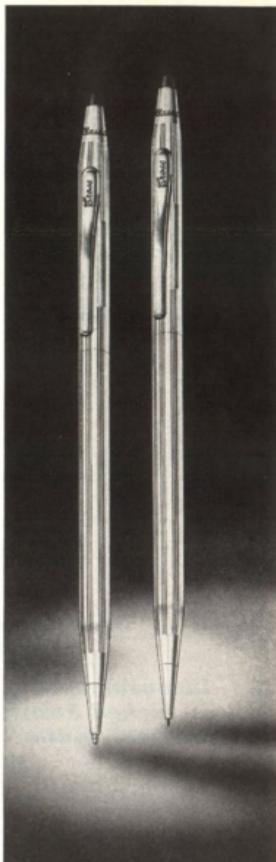
Futz loves his pig. That isn't graffiti; it's a plot. Futz is an Appalachian farmer whose great pleasure in life is making love to a porker named Amanda. Naturally, his narrow-minded neighbors are upset. The village slut plots revenge on Farmer Futz after he invites Amanda along on a tryst. She persuades a local homicidal maniac to claim that he killed a village girl only after seeing Futz and Amanda in the throes of passion. That's grounds right there for the sheriff to grab Futz and toss him into jail, where the indignant citizenry will eventually seize him and ruthlessly murder him.

"It's about personal freedom," soberly explains Director Tom O'Horgan, a chi-chi con artist from off-off-Broadway. "It's about the responsibility of freedom." *Futz* might also just as well be a propaganda film for the anti-Anti-Vivisection Society, a moving plea for the tolerance of sodomists, or a fearless indictment of soil erosion. It makes no difference, and neither, really, does the movie. Based on Rochelle Owens' play and enacted by a group of wildly undisciplined shock troops who call themselves the La Mama Repertory Troupe,⁶ *Futz* is merely a piece of fraudulent and fearlessly noisy theater of outrage. O'Horgan ceaselessly has his actresses jumping up and entwining their legs around any available male waist; and his notion of "new cinema" is to photograph scenes of idyllic love in slow motion and scenes of bestial passion through a red filter. Such effects make *Futz* about as avant-garde as a Head & Shoulders commercial.

* Which got its start at the Cafe La Mama, a sometime fertile training ground in Greenwich Village for theatrical experimentation.



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BOOKS

Fun Among the Philistines

MENCKEN by Carl Bode. 452 pages. Southern Illinois University. \$10.

It takes an effort of mind to recall the time, not so very long ago, when America was still something like a collection of small towns, and a provincial newspaperman named Henry Louis Mencken was its national cracker-barrel atheist. It is, moreover, a matter for wonder that Mencken, who dressed like the gallused boors he despised, chewed cigars like a Tammany clubhouse character and had tastes that ran to beer

and a once admired prose style. Harold Ross of *The New Yorker* said that he was "the most enlightened man writing today." That praise now seems a shade inconsequential—as if a potentially great pianist had squandered his digital gifts as a pinball virtuoso. In truth, Mencken worked hard at his prose but had the autodidact's fatal fondness for the fancy word. As for the flowers of wit culled by Carl Bode, a professor of English at the University of Maryland, they have wilted badly. Intended to shock rather than illuminate, the once celebrated epigrams shock no more. The examples quoted, such as, "Love is the delusion that one woman differs from another," yearn for the merciful embrace of a fortune cookie.

Some solid achievements remain, of course. *The American Language* (and its supplements) has justly become a classic. Mencken's lively journalistic talents invigorated a generation of practitioners. *The American Mercury* waged brisk verbal war against Bostonian cultural fuddy-dudiness. The green cover of the *Mercury*, in fact, was once the badge of the campus intellectual. The views expressed seem far from revolutionary today, but they are more trenchant and readable than Marcuse or *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*.

Rococo Invective. For a practicing iconoclast, however, Mencken chose surprisingly feeble icons of his own. As a young man, he fell for Nietzsche and his doctrinal fantasy of the *Übermensch*. As misread by Mencken, Nietzsche provided license to despise the human race and delight in all things German—as epitomized by beer and Brahms. Politicians were rogues. The church was only a racket. People in general were boobs. Such were the underpinnings of Mencken's rococo invective. But when serious matters were involved, his philosophical resources were meager and his thinking often callow and jejune.

If Mencken's work often seems to be wit without truth, his biographer punishes him by writing about him truthfully without wit. He is, moreover, partisan. A chrestomathy of clichés could be compiled from the book. However, Professor Bode does manage to convey something of the pathos of Mencken's later years—and especially of his marriage. At 43, the Baltimore sport married. Despite his Nietzschean warnings against wives ("Take your whip," etc.), he chose as his bride a Southern belle. She led the atheist sage to the altar (Episcopal) and, although she gave him nights off to go to the old club, enclosed him firmly in the sort of wallpapered bourgeois cage against which he had always railed. He loved it. His only protest was to paste cutout figures of Mutt and Jeff on the repetitive pattern of the wallpaper. It summed up his commentary on the American life-style—and his own.



MENCKEN & WIFE SARA, HONEYMOONING
Amid megatherian bones.

and bawdy jokes, was ever regarded as the epitome of metropolitan sophistication. The term smart, which was the title of his first magazine, seems sadly unsmart today. The word sophisticated now applies mainly to weaponry and (in Italy) to synthetic wine. Those whom Mencken called "sinhounds," "bluebones" and "wowers" are virtually extinct, and Mencken lies amid their megalithic bones.

Although Mencken shared the fate of the successful satirist—to perish with his enemies—he had fun, while he could, slaying philistines with the jawbone of an ass. Mencken added to the gaiety of nations; he was a great man with a custard pie. Puritanism, the genteel tradition in fiction, Prohibition and even that "Bible of the booboisie and boost-erism"—the *Saturday Evening Post*—all became his targets.

Fit for Fortune Cookies. Mencken's denunciation of America's Sunday-go-to-meeting image was carried out with wit

The Road Back

PAT AND ROALD by Barry Farrell. 241 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

On Feb. 17, 1965, an artery ruptured inside Patricia Neal's head, causing paralysis of her right side and affecting the part of her brain dealing with speech and word recognition. To complicate the nearly fatal matter, the actress was expecting her fifth child.

There was some doubt that she could possibly deliver a normal baby. There was little doubt that her acting career had come to an end. Yet three years after her stroke, Patricia Neal was not only mothering a healthy new daughter but was also basking in public acclaim

LEONARD MCCOMBE—LIFE



ROALD DAHL & PATRICIA NEAL
Cruel sport of the gods.

for her motion picture role in *The Subjet Was Roses*.

Pat and Roald is a muted account of her remarkable recovery, written by a journalist—now a columnist for LIFE—who came for a magazine story and stayed to research a book. In the process he became an intimate friend of Miss Neal and her husband, the English short-story and film writer Roald Dahl. As a comeback saga, Barry Farrell's book fulfills the function of encouraging the stricken. As a family chronicle it has an attraction as unsettling as some of Dahl's own bizarre stories.

The Dahls seem to be one of those families that have been singled out by the gods for cruel sport. In 1960, their four-month-old son Theo received multiple skull fractures when his carriage was slammed into the side of a New York City bus by a taxi. The child's injuries resulted in hydrocephalus, a condition in which fluid accumulation caus-



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es the skull to enlarge and the brain to compress.

After years of painful operations, the condition was arrested and the child's normal development resumed.

Two years after Theo's accident, the Dahls' seven-year-old daughter Olivia died from measles encephalitis.

Palimpsest. After Pat's stroke, Roald settled the family in their country house outside London. He set up a relentless therapy schedule and organized relay teams of visitors to keep the patient's morale up. Pat's principal enemy was despair. Her career seemed shattered. Her right leg was bracketed in an unsightly brace, and her brain was as faint and blurry as a palimpsest. She fished in vain for the names of common objects. Even *Peter Rabbit* eluded her.

But with Roald as the sergeant major in charge of rehabilitation, Pat's normal functions slowly came back. With them returned her unique beauty and that combination of assertiveness and receptivity that marked her—even in her early Hollywood years—as a woman among exaggerated love-objects.

Farrell conveys Patricia Neal's feminine qualities with unusual sensitivity. His profile of Roald—a combination of intelligence, stoicism and optimism—is equally good. What *Pat and Roald* lacks is more of Farrell himself: his own feelings about these people whose lives he has entered, or some audacious perceptions about the events that make up the story—something, at least, to raise this skillful book above the level of the tactical neutrality of its own professional competence.

The Beast in the Jungle

THE BAMBOO BED by William Eastlake.
350 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$6.50.

William (*Castle Keep*) Eastlake has visited Southeast Asia twice since 1966, but no one could be less of a war-correspondent novelist. In *The Bamboo Bed*, he approaches the struggle in Viet Nam not as a three-dimensional event but as the frighteningly abstract piece of surrealism that we all share on the evening news. Black comedy, myth, shaggy parables of the top secrets of the human heart—these are the literary forms war takes for Eastlake.

At the center of Eastlake's brilliantly grotesque fantasy swaggers Captain Clancy. Clancy wears a Roman helmet with the red, white and blue parrot plume. Clancy is prepared to draw his sword and lead a charge at the drop of a paradiddle from his native drummer boy. Clancy is Eastlake's personification of the Viet Nam war. Clancy, in fact, is war. Never asking why, he leads his men up those lonely, death-strewn Viet Nam hills, and as long as Clancy is leading his troops, don't ask why either. But then Clancy imperceptibly cracks.

It may be Madame Dieudonné in her bamboo bed—Viet Nam and life at its languorous, loving best—who softens Clancy and does the implacable war-

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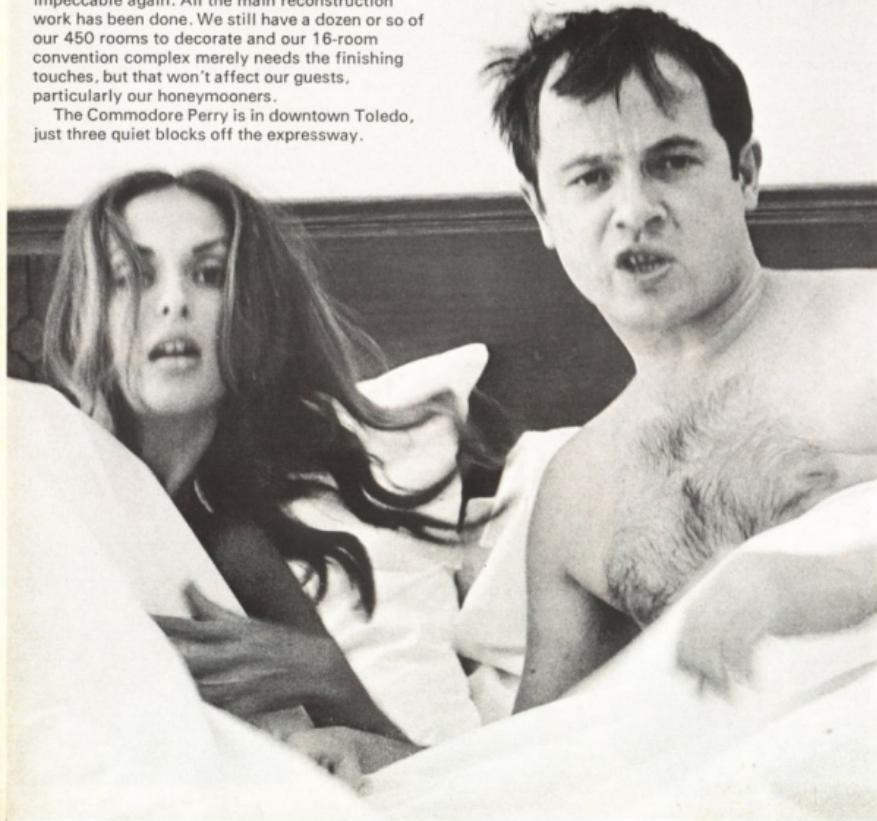
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rior in Eastlake does not say. Whatever the cause, Clancy tarnishes his hero's image and lets down his troops as well. Deep in a forest he dies a slow, solitary death, while both his own side and the Viet Cong hunt for him as if he possessed some solution to the war, or perhaps to life itself.

Eastlake, unlike the old-school war novelists, never divorces the two. War is not the madness that contradicts life but only the extreme insanity that confirms life's other irrationalities. As he describes Clancy being tracked down, Eastlake's quest is to understand why war figures as a sort of final test. War, he concludes, is the confrontation to end all confrontations, not only between men but between a man and himself. It is mortality at its most unbearable—life with "death ticking off inside."

Pro-Life Ecstasy. By way of contrast to Clancy, the author introduces Captain Knightbridge, a pilot who circles in his search-and-rescue helicopter above the Viet Nam jungle, making extraordinary love to a pretty nurse at 5,000 ft. This non-murderous behavior—this pro-life ecstasy—is an improvement on war. But sex, Eastlake seems to imply regretfully, is no adequate substitute for violence. "People don't want to be rescued," he says. They want to be saved, and salvation is what Clancy's charges uniquely promise: doom and salvation in one package. As Eastlake sardonically puts it: "History is a record of people committing suicide . . . Death is the great problem solver."

Like a volcano sucking in human sacrifices, Eastlake's war engulfs everyone who comes near it—including two trusting flower children wandering through the jungle with a guitar and a button reading "I have a dream." Even they are not pure victims. Love and life may perhaps be enough for women, Eastlake sadly suggests. But men all share a terrible curiosity: What beast—or possibly what hero—will they turn into at their moment of private reckoning with the war?

The desolating terms of Eastlake's argument seem to leave no philosophic exit. A funny book, a bitter book, *The Bamboo Bed* produces no hopeful answers. In their place Eastlake submits the lyric, sensuous presence of life absurdly singing on, like the birds in the Viet Nam jungle.

The Perils of Marianne

THE COLLAPSE OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC
by William L. Shirer. 1082 pages. Simon and Schuster. \$12.50.

Few events in history seem as melancholy as the failure of France to face up to Adolf Hitler. Even now, almost 25 years after the end of World War II, the Nazi era remains a trauma on both sides of the Rhine. Most Germans who lived through *die Nazi Zeit* will speak of it only guardedly. Many Frenchmen grow defensive or hostile at mention of the time of *résistants*.



HITLER & PÉTAIN, 1940
A bird set upon by a snake.

and *collaborateurs*. The rise of Hitler and the fall of France still pose troubling questions about political appeasement, the power of human evil, and the divisive, almost anarchic vulnerability of men of good will when confronted by it. In many ways France watched disaster approach with the helpless immobility of a bird set upon by a snake.

Tireless Researcher. In his 1960 best-seller *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, William L. Shirer chronicled the German side of the war. Now he has turned to France to tell a more elusive story that goes back as far as 1870, when the Third Republic was proclaimed, and ends when Hitler swaggers into the famous railway car in the Compiègne forest to dictate the surrender terms to a humiliated and prostrate enemy. A correspondent and broadcaster who covered France and Germany between the wars, and a tireless researcher, Shirer seems well qualified for the job. Yet his basic technique—the accumulation of detail rather than the use of incisive perception—is less effective in elucidating the French mys-



SHIRER IN COMPIÈGNE, 1940
Elucidating the French mystery.



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terry than it was in outlining the rise of the Nazi monstrosity.

Why did France fall apart in six weeks in 1940, when it had fought hard and victoriously against the Kaiser's army in 1914? Shirer finds partial answers—most of them familiar, none of them entirely satisfactory. France's generals were timid and tactically rigid. They wildly overrated their enemy, while as late as 1940 German military leaders credited France with the strongest land army in Western Europe. The country had been bled almost to death by World War I, which killed one-tenth of the fighting force. By 1939 France had less than half as many men aged 20 to 34 as Germany. The French Third Republic, moreover, was a rickety democratic instrument at best. At least twice—in 1889 and 1934—it barely escaped a coup d'état. It changed governments 107 times in 63 years—an average of almost two a year. It failed to heal the split between right and left over trumped-up charges of treason against Captain Alfred Dreyfus, which created a sordid spectacle of anti-Semitism. The Dreyfus case produced as profound a division as the one caused by the Algerian crisis half a century later. It shielded French industry from competition and failed, until the *front populaire* government of 1936, to grant French workers basic welfare reforms that Bismarck had begun instituting in Germany as early as 1881.

Failure of Will. Most of all the inner French weakness lay in a kind of spiritual fatigue, a failure of the national will to fight. When Frenchmen saw themselves entirely alone facing the panzer divisions, the cowardly or prudent logic of common sense infected them. It is not impossible to believe that Frenchmen of good will, under those conditions, preferred to spare their land a second bloody round of destruction within 22 years. That was the logic, at any rate, used by Marshal Pétain and Pierre Laval. When a French journalist recently wrote that in 1940 his countrymen were all Pétainists, he was probably close to the truth. As Shirer records, a French historian reflected: "Perhaps it was for the best. If we had stopped the Germans, as we did in 1914, and fought on, we would have had another terrible bloodletting. I doubt if France could have survived."

The horrible fascination of Nazi Germany kept Shirer's earlier volume compelling through mounds of minutiae. What happened to France in 1940 was very different—an enormously complicated tragedy of confused men who meant their country well but were powerless to agree on how to save her. What Shirer has written at great length is a kind of "Perils of Marianne," a melodrama of cardboard good guys and bad guys in which the few who saw the danger clearly were ignored or subdued by a venal and cowardly majority. The darkest corner of modern French history deserves better illumination than that.

Being Canadian isn't everything.

All Canadian whisky is good.

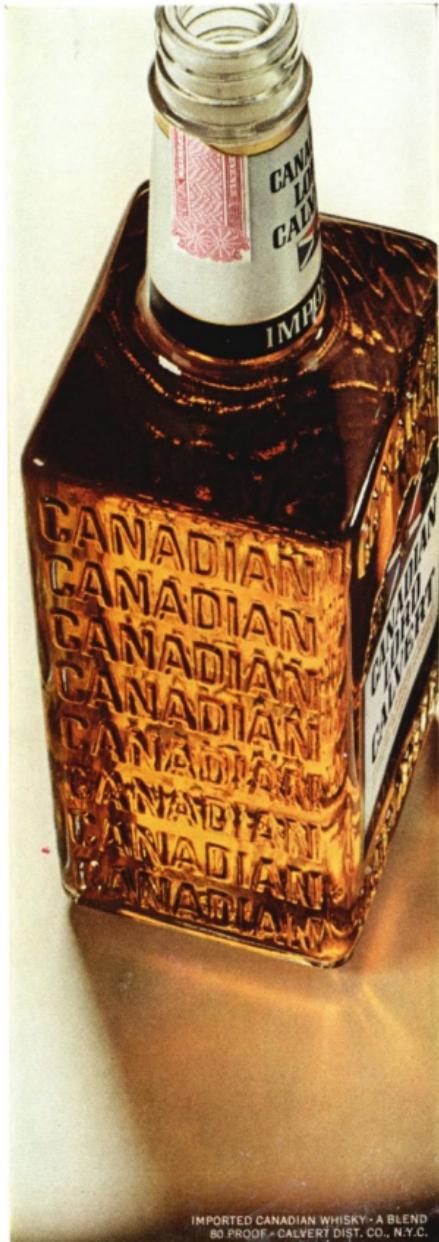
We know, because we've been making good whiskies up in Canada for years.

But it took all our expertise and almost all our patience to come up with a great one:

Canadian Lord Calvert, a perfect blend of the finest whiskies in Canada from our five different distilleries.

You see, just being Canadian isn't everything. Being Canadian Lord Calvert is.

Canadian Lord Calvert



IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY - A BLEND
80 PROOF - CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

Come to where the flavor is.

Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's - you get a lot to like.